

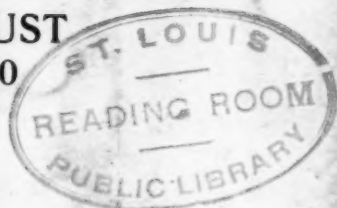
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NATIONAL *Monthly* MAGAZINE

AUGUST
1920



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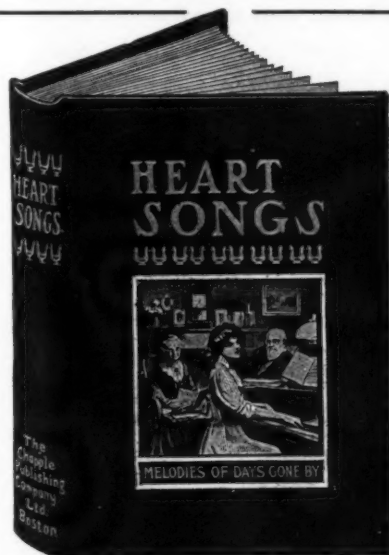
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

AUGUST, 1920

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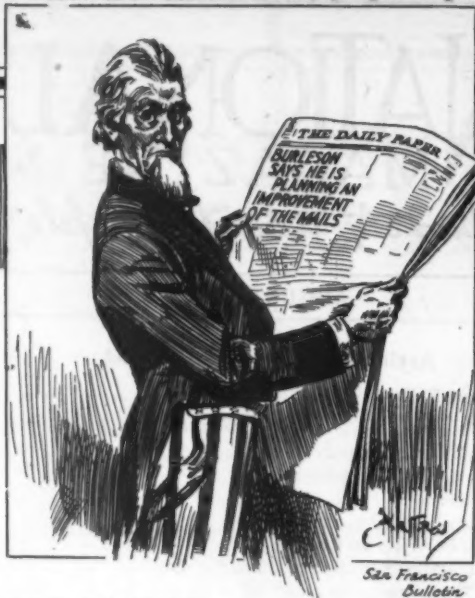
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"Now, do you suppose he is really going to resign?"



San Francisco Bulletin

THE STRAP HANGER.



Milwaukee Sentinel

"PLEASE MOVE"



Current Cartoons by Albert T. Reid

Carranza—"Ha, Ha, Note Number Seventy-Nine!"



Los Angeles Times

MONEY, MONEY, EVERYWHERE.

MONEY RAISED—OVER \$21,000,000,000.

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PAID MILLIONS FOR BIG GUNS—UNFINISHED	PAID THE "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS" AND GIVING THEM	PAID \$1,000,000 FOR DR. HERRON	



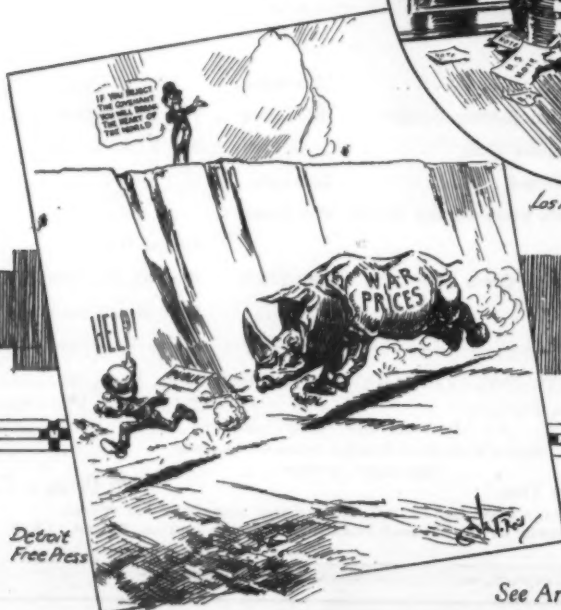
Leavenworth Post

Doughboy: "Everything paid but little old me."

INTIMIDATING SAMMY



Pittsburg Leader



Detroit Free Press

See Article on Page 221

"And the Goblins will get You if you don't watch out!"



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ECHOES of the presidential campaign reverberated in Washington during dogdays from all parts of the country. A dramatic—almost a royal—entrance into the capital city was planned by the faithful Democrats for the heir of the Wilson dynasty, with the purpose of giving him, at least, one grand entré into Washington, before the November blasts set in. They were determined to forestall the Fourth of March next, and indulge in memories, if not anticipations, of another inauguration day. Riding in state down Pennsylvania Avenue amid the plaudits of the populace on the eventful July Sunday was a campaign prelude. The conference with President Wilson at the White House, to straighten out some of the kinks between the utterances of the administration and the candidate, was a mere incident. The Democratic candidate looked the White House over carefully and decided to take the lease for four years, provided the people would repaper and decorate it with enough ballots on November second. He agreed to furnish the red paint for a lively campaign—and forget not—James M. Cox is some campaigner—wet or dry.

THE Republican candidate, Warren G. Harding, returned to Washington on a flying visit prior to his notification speech, but there is no record of his having consulted the present landlord at the White House. Yet there was a feeling among many that he walked like a man who was on his way to the Executive Mansion, without pomp or incident.

FOR the first time in many years Congress has failed to continue in session during the good old summer time. Washington as a summer-resort city had a popular reputation with Congress spending its summers there on patriotic purpose bent. The hot pavements still remind one of the place paved with good intentions.

In these early days a stray senator or congressman has a real distinction when he comes to town. The query is raised before the ink is dry on the hotel register, "What are you here for?" The mission, perforce, must be political to report the soundings of the campaign. Some of the solons who have a red-hot fight on their hands are making the most of the time to look long, lingeringly and officially upon the capital city, for the days into November are numbered. Visitors continue to roam the corridors of the Capitol and see the sights that remain in the somber solitude of adjournment at the Capitol and with the bosses away from the departments. Foreign visitors invariably insist that Washington in its glorious green of summer-time is the most beautiful capital in the world. The Mall unfolds a panorama unsurpassed, and the new Lincoln monument looms up on the banks of the Potomac as a new landmark and popular shrine that will share honors with the Washington shaft, as the one thing that every tourist must visit before the Washington itinerary is complete.



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Mrs. Harding, wife of Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, Republican nominee for the Presidency. Mrs. Harding was Florence Kling, daughter of Amos Kling, wealthy banker and businessman of Marion, Ohio. Mr. Kling believed in business training for women, and gave his daughter so magnificent a schooling in this line that when she married Warren Harding, editor and owner of the Marion Daily "Star," and he suffered a nervous breakdown, she was able to take charge of the newspaper office, and not only "keep things going," but developed it into a prosperous, money-making plant. Mr. Kling disinherited his daughter when she married the "poor, newspaper upstart," but lived to see the day when Warren Harding was one of the most prominent men in the state and a leader in his party.

THE President has been kept busy making the most of the time that remains to him in distributing appointments according to political charts and personal whims. No president of the United States has been more bitter in his personal and partisan display of prejudice. Seven major-generals and twenty-two brigadier-generals were appointed during



GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
New England's beloved and honored military leader

the recess under the provision of the Army Reorganization Act. The deliberate and intentional slight of General Clarence R. Edwards is an insult to every soldier who faced death in France, and served in the Twenty-sixth Division. To those who know of the service and the bravery and heroism of General Edwards, the action of President Wilson smacks of petty cowardice. He fears to give a soldier of proven record an appointment because it would interfere with plans of the army machine. There was talk of the Senate refusing to confirm the appointments and insisting that justice is done to General Edwards and the soldiers who served under him in the most bloody service that made possible the wild dreams of Woodrow Wilson for a League of Nations, written in the blood of American soldiers.

The truth is that General Edwards has been altogether too human and too democratic and too independent in his work to suit the will and whim of the tyrannical military machine. This will have vital influence in turning the votes of soldiers who served overseas towards Warren G. Harding, with confidence that simple justice will be given the soldier, irrespective of political bias, and that executive autocracy will be smashed, as surely as was the military autocracy of Germany.

* * * *

A DISTINGUISHED English clergyman was wrestling with an American joke while trying to excavate a cantaloupe and gulp ice water. The waiter had just arrived with

his fresh-laid eggs in the shell and ventured at this point to ask:

"Are dey cooked right, sir?"

"Yes, but you began cooking too soon," he grunted, dipping the spoon in, trying to find the yolk.

The beefsteak came next. There was a further expression of dissatisfaction.

"I wanted my steak underdone and tender."

"Deed, boss, it's rare and juicy, but I didn't know you wanted to kiss it."

"Return that steak at once!"

"Deed, boss, ah can't do it."

"Why not?"

"You done gone and bent it!"

The clergyman commented further on the tough hide of the colored waiters, reflected in the jokes they serve.

* * * *

THE Harding home on Wyoming Avenue, so recently surrounded by a flock of motors night and day, is deserted, but the activities continue in Room 147, Senate Office Building, where Senator Harding began his first work in getting his



Mrs. Hoover, wife of Herbert Hoover, known the world over as one of the ablest living mining engineers. Mrs. Hoover was Miss Lou Henry, and was a fellow-student of Mr. Hoover's at Stanford University. She was interested in geology and mining, and took honors in her scientific studies. As an aid to her husband's nation-wide plan of conservation, Mrs. Hoover inaugurated the "kitchen garden" movement during the war, organizing the Girl Scouts into companies and battalions, and going over the top with the weapon she holds in her hands

bearings after the nomination. Except during an occasional drive, Washington sees little of President Wilson, but the telephone and telegraph wires keep the White House thoroughly informed on the position of the political weathervane. The President insists that Washington's summer weather is as delightful as the shades of Shadow Lawn, where he received the news of his re-election. The Wilson League of Nations and the Knox Resolution are still in the refrigerator of the executive desk, with the doves of peace, while the war with Germany, to all executive intents and purposes, goes merrily on.

ONE appointment made in Washington this year that is based upon merit was the selection of Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell as director of the Bureau of Mines, to succeed Dr. Van. H. Manning, resigned. Dr. Manning has made much of this bureau, and it was a recognition of merited service when his assistant director was selected to continue the work.

Frederick G. Cottrell, chemist, metallurgist and inventor was born in Oakland, California, January 10, 1877. He attended school in Oakland and matriculated at the University of California in 1893. As a university student he gave especial attention to science, particularly chemistry. After graduation in 1896, with the degree of Bachelor of Science, he was a Le Conte fellow at the University in 1896-7 and taught chemistry at the Oakland High School in 1897-1900. Then he went to Europe where in 1901 and 1902 he studied at the University of Berlin and the University of Leipzig, receiving from the latter the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, 1902. On his return to this country in 1902, he was appointed instructor in physical chemistry at the University of California, and in 1906 was appointed assistant professor, holding this position until 1911. While at the university, Dr. Cottrell's chief contributions to science were researches relating to the



DR. FREDERICK G. COTTRELL
Director designate of the United States Bureau of Mines

electrical precipitation of fume and fine particles suspended in the gases of smelter, blast furnace or cement works flues, and he finally evolved what is known as the Cottrell process for this purpose. This invention was first utilized at the Selby smelter in California for removing fumes from the waste gases of a sulphuric acid plant at the smelter, thereby abating a nuisance that threatened to necessitate shutting down the works. Subsequently this electrical precipitation process was installed at other smelters to remove fume and solid particles



Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, wife of Governor Lowden of Illinois. Mrs. Lowden was Florence Pullman, daughter of George M. Pullman, one of America's greatest railroad men. As a young girl she was her father's chum and business adviser, and traveled with him all over the country. After spending five years at a finishing school in New York, she was sent abroad to complete her education, and although foreign titles were dangled in front of the beautiful young heiress during her sojourn there, she refused to be dazzled, and lost her heart to a clear-eyed young Westerner—Frank Lowden, whom she met on one of her ocean-bound voyages. The great master of industry, George Pullman, was not enthusiastic about his daughter's choice, Frank Lowden at that time being but a struggling attorney with small prospects in the big city of Chicago. But what love cannot overcome has never yet been discovered! In this case it overcame the Lowden opposition, tore down the wall erected by the Pullman fortune, made a brilliant lawyer, orator and statesman of a mere man, and developed him into Presidential timber. For the Pullman-Lowden match was a love match, and no executive mansion in Illinois or Washington would ever mean as much as the modest little home on the south side of Chicago where the Lowdens first set up housekeeping and which is still known as the "honeymoon house"

contained in the escaping gases, and it was also successfully used at cement plants, notably near Riverside, California, to prevent the dust from calcining kilns from damaging nearby orange groves and vegetation. Today the Cottrell process of fume and dust removal is in world-wide use, and is recovering materials heretofore wasted to the value of many thousands of dollars. One of the latest installations is at a large smelting plant in Japan; while the largest installation is at the Anaconda smelter, Anaconda, Montana. Dr. Cottrell in a desire to encourage scientific research turned over his extensive patent rights to a non-dividend paying corporation, known as the Research Corporation, a body formed for that purpose. A fundamental requirement in the incorporation is that all net profits shall be devoted to the interests of scientific research.

In 1911 when Dr. J. A. Holmes, the first director of the



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Mrs. "Wm. J.," wife of the Democratic leader, William Jennings Bryan. Mrs. Bryan was Mary Elizabeth Baird, of Perry, Illinois, and was a fellow-student of Mr. Bryan's at both the Illinois College and University of Nebraska. After their marriage she studied law and was admitted to the Nebraska courts, but never actively practiced. She has played a large part in her husband's career, taking care of his large correspondence, writing and polishing some of his "spell binders," attending conventions and Chautauquas with him by the score, and generally acting in the unique capacity of "manager for William Jennings Bryan." It is said that the great Democratic leader has never written a plank for his party without first consulting Mrs. Bryan. At Villa Serena, the Bryan home in Florida, Mrs. Bryan, despite ill health, is today engaged in another political campaign and in aiding the great Commoner in what he has set out to do. What that is, no one knows but Mrs. Bryan.

Bureau of Mines, was serving as a member of Commissions appointed by the Government to study alleged damages from smoke and fumes from the Selby and the Anaconda smelters, and the Bureau of Mines was investigating at length the smelter-smoke problem. Dr. Cottrell, because of his scientific attainments and his special knowledge of metallurgical problems, was appointed chief physical chemist in the bureau. In 1914 he was appointed chief chemist, in 1916, chief metallurgist, and in 1919, assistant director.

Aside from his work on smelter smoke Dr. Cottrell has been deeply interested in and intimately connected with work on the separation and purification of gases by liquification and fractional distillation. During the world war and subsequently thereto the development of the Norton or Bureau of Mines process for the recovery of helium from natural gas has been his special care, and it was chiefly through his efforts that a plant for recovering helium (a rare non-inflammable gas) on a large scale for military aeronautics has been erected near Petrolia, Texas.

Dr. Cottrell is a member of the American Chemical Society, Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, the American Electrochemical Society and the American Institute of Mining

and Metallurgical Engineers. He was awarded the Perkin medal by the New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1919 in recognition of his work on electrical precipitation.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH he carries the family name, Jr., attached, with staid dignity, Senator James W. Wadsworth was known early in political life as "Jimmie." He had an early start in public life and knows how to complete a task in public service.

Old-time observers at Washington agree that Senator James W. Wadsworth Jr., has carried through more constructive and important legislation in his one term in the Senate than any other one of his colleagues. He seems to have been trained for the work of the United States Senate, having served in the Legislature of his native state and as Speaker of the Assembly. He proved thoroughly at home and familiar with all the details of parliamentary process.

Senator Wadsworth's work at Washington seemed to follow the natural trend of his ability for public service. He was made



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES WOLCOTT WADSWORTH, JR.
(Republican) from New York

chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and his long hours of patient work at the hearings and on the floor of the Senate were further proof of his ability as a legislator who does things. The great problems that confronted this committee during and at the close of the war did not appall him. Senator Wadsworth never shirked his work. He thought things out in a clear-headed way, absorbing all the information available, and viewing every angle of the subject, and then driving through

for a definite objective. He has the distinction of being one Senator who carried a bill through Congress and was able to recognize it when finally passed. This may not seem much to the average person, but those who know the operations of putting a bill through Congress, understand only ability for leadership can run the gauntlet of Congressional shoals.

Senator Wadsworth is a student of Lincoln. In his office is an original letter written by Abraham Lincoln that seems to fit conditions today as at the time it was written. Public service is built on fundamental principles—Senator Wadsworth knows fundamentals.

During his career on the Committee on Military Affairs in the Senate, his office was the consulting and conference room for important legislation. Long after the hours of adjournment the young Senator from New York persisted in pushing on with his work. It was a fitting tribute paid him by one of his Democratic colleagues, Senator King of Utah, in his remarks during the debate on the bill to increase the efficiency of the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Public Health Service, which was called "The Army and Navy Pay Bill." This bill itself established Senator Wadsworth in the fore rank.

MR. KING: "I do not always agree with the distinguished chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs (Mr. Wadsworth), and yet it gives me pleasure to say that he is one of the ablest Senators in this body and brings to the consideration of the great questions that come before his committee an intelligence and a patriotism that earn for him not only the gratitude of the members of the Senate, but the gratitude of the American people."

In colloquy or debate he displays a poise that impresses the hearer with the belief that Senator Wadsworth is one who does not talk until he knows what he is talking about. The Empire State of New York has reason to be proud of the record made by the grandson of the intrepid Wadsworth who fell in the Civil War, and exemplified the ideals of patriotism that has inspired his sons and grandsons.



Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of General Wood. Mrs. Wood was born and brought up and married in the army. She was Louise Condit-Smith, daughter of Colonel John Condit-Smith, and was born in Havana, where her father was stationed. Her life has been full of varied and interesting experiences. She has slept in a tent and lived in a palace; has pioneered in the West and queened it in the Far East.



Where the platforms must reach

In his study of homes for our people, Senator Wadsworth has shown his grasp on present-day problems. Although born on a farm and living among the rural population, he understands the problems of the crowded cities, and, best of all, has suggested practical remedies. He believes that the government should study all experiments made in this country and abroad, and inform the people as to the best methods for securing proper co-operative effort, including the initial financing of home building, and encourage and guide movements of this kind. As he has well said: "The home is the hub of the nation, and from it radiates the spokes of industrial and political life." With the appalling fact known that we have a shortage of one million homes, he insists that everything that can be done to create a happy home is the supreme work of the hour.

In his extensive investigation Senator Wadsworth calls attention to the fact that less than one-half of our people live in their own homes, while in France hardly twenty per cent pay rent.

In the widest distribution of real property in the hands of the people lies national strength and security. The failure of the small farm investment and the dangerous drift of population toward cities, where the attraction is all-alluring, indicates that something must be done to enable Americans to own their own homes. The American home should be thought of in terms other than "profits."

The homes where children and grandchildren can gather to preserve the traditions of that home still remains in the future as it has in the past—the hope of the republic.

Six years is a short time in which to make a nation-wide record in the United States Senate, but Senator Wadsworth



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Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, wife of the Attorney General, and their little daughter, Mary Dixon Palmer. Mrs. Palmer was Roberta Dixon, of Easton, Maryland, whose home, "North Bend," was one of the colonial mansions noted for its hospitality. Her father, Robert B. Dixon, was a member of the Maryland Senate. Both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer are Quakers, and first met at Swarthmore College, the co-educational institution established by the Friends. They sat at the same table, which grew into a habit they have never been able to break themselves of

has done this. With an earnestness and ability unquestioned, Senator Wadsworth has well earned the endorsement of his native state for re-election. He is a man of not only legislative ability, but is young, virile, broad-viewed and the sort of a man needed in the United States Senate. He is of the timber that reflects a leadership among the younger men in the Senate that is reassuring for the nation, as well as most gratifying to the state he represents.

In devoting his energies and time to public service, Senator Wadsworth has had a real helpmate in Mrs. Wadsworth, the daughter of the late Secretary, John Hay.

The women home-makers of New York, with all their problems of high cost of living, and education and public service, appreciate that Senator Wadsworth is a champion of their cause. What he has done for the soldiers and sailors, what he has accomplished in bringing order out of chaos, and justice to all concerned in the Army Bill, he is also doing for the home-makers of America and the nation, as well as his state of New York. More than ever before, we need men of the character of Senator Wadsworth to carry on the work, so well begun, in meeting four-square the problems of the times.

* * *

NOW that the "notifications" have passed, the presidential campaign of 1920 has opened in earnest. There was a reminder of the first McKinley campaign at Canton in the celebration at Marion, Ohio. The little city was beautifully decorated and a court of honor lead up to the porch of the

Harding home on Mt. Vernon Street. Ohio as a state seems to understand how to handle presidential candidates. The friends and neighbors gathered with brass bands and proceeded to parade. Many women marched with the delegations. The "dirt farmers" were there with banners adorned with mottoes made out of wisps of green hay. All Marion was happy that day. The throng at Garfield Park could not crowd into the pavilion, but heartily relayed the chorus coming from the encircled throng. When Warren G. Harding, with wilting collar, made that gesture with outstretched arms—"wholly unafraid"—it thrilled, and his sincere words of consecration at the close met a hearty response. The greensward at the Harding home had been transformed into a gravel walk, but many happy visitors have gathered under the maples.

* * *

THOUSANDS of clerks who have, like Othello, found their occupation gone, are leaving Washington for extended vacations, but the faithful remain in hopes that the exodus of 1920 will be deferred, for appointments are the summer relaxation at the White House.

* * *

THIS is a Republican year," said Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

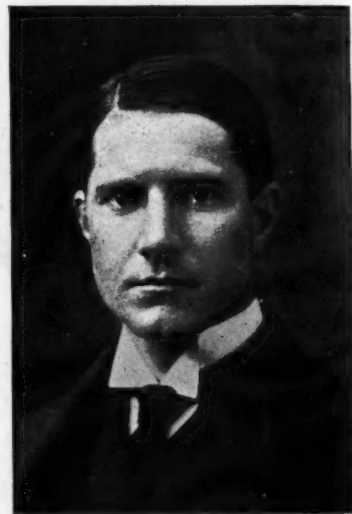
Republicans all over the country are putting forward their strongest and best men for public office, and especially for congressional and senatorial honors. It is realized that the responsibility of Congress for the next four years will be all important, no matter how the presidential campaign may swing.

Among the men who have already made a splendid record in public life, and who have again been called for the memorable 1920, is former Lieutenant-Governor Louis A. Frothingham, who will make the race for Congress in a close district, challenging the honors that have been awarded to Congressman Olney of Democratic faith.

The various elements in the party and district agree that Louis Frothingham is the man. He has been a prominent figure in public affairs in Massachusetts for many years. He has not only been active in state affairs, but has achieved distinction in national activities. Mr. Frothingham served in the

Marine Corps in Cuba in the Spanish War and in the Army in the recent war. He was also Colonel of a State Guard Regiment. Before entering the service in this war he went to France on a commission in behalf of soldiers and sailors of Massachusetts. Mr. Frothingham and his wife took a personal part in the work of establishing a bureau and recreation rooms for them, and the boys of Massachusetts will not soon forget the generous and thoughtful kindness of Hon. Louis A. Frothingham and his wife who provided this center for them in Paris.

Former Lieutenant-Governor Frothingham has already made his record as a speaker and legislator, and his name, added to that of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, will insure the old Bay State of even more strength and power in legislative affairs.



HON. LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM

The Knox Alternative to the League of Nations

World union and peace through enacted international law

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

THERE are two alternatives (substitutes) to the projected League of Nations; the one being a lapse back to pre-war conditions and international relationship; and the other, a course of procedure, such as is foreshadowed in the recent address of Senator Knox on the introduction of his German peace resolution, in the Senate.

It is interesting to note at this time, however, that while Senator Knox was Secretary of State under Mr. Taft, he refused to allow an American Consul, stationed at the time in Europe, and who had been chosen as a delegate of the Chicago Association of Commerce, to attend the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at London, in 1909, to present to that Congress on behalf of the Chicago organization, the very proposal the senator now brings forward as a substitute for the League of Nations.

Senator Knox was promoting at that time certain arbitration treaties, and for this reason, it was presumed by the writer (who was the consul and the delegate referred to) that he desired no diverting thought introduced by the American representatives. Now, however, when he becomes champion of the original Chicago idea for the codification of International Law, we may justifiably make reference to the incident.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Someone with a good punch is going to suggest one day to the President of the United States, or to the President of the French Republic, or the King of England and Emperor of India, that proposals be made for the calling of a congress of plenipotentiary delegates from all the nations of the earth, for the purpose of enacting into a *written world charter* the leading principles of International Law; a law which, like the constitution of the United States, shall be the highest law of the contracting parties; but which shall in no wise interfere with, nor abridge the internal regulations of the countries joining in such law. I have been making this suggestion off and on and in one form or another for twenty-five years.

Why not let full-power delegates be chosen to draft on behalf of their several governments such an instrument? With its acceptance and establishment, by the nations of the earth, military and naval institutions will, we have every reason to hope, pass out of the life of man like the Walled City, Slavery, and the Inquisition.

In January, 1917, and before America entered the war, a questionnaire was addressed by the writer to some several hundred eminent personages throughout the world—sovereigns, executives and professional authorities, in the hopes of being able to prepare a symposium on the subject of this article, the creation of a written enacted international law after the war. As my enquiry was addressed to the various sovereigns of the Central Powers, as well as to those of the Entente and neutrals, a sense of fitness to the situation compelled the abandonment of the undertaking as soon as my country entered the war. Nevertheless, it may be of use in the study of the subject, to reproduce here the pertinent part of my so-called questionnaire, as well as some notes from a suggestion made to the American Bar Association at Washington at their annual convention in 1915 by Mr. Elihu Root.

The principal paragraph in the interrogatory circular was as follows:

PROPOSAL FOR STATUTORY INTERNATIONAL LAW

"It is suggested that a fixed or definite *international statutory code*, accepted by the several sovereign powers of the world would give rise, as a logical sequence, if not automatically, to the founding of world courts of law and equity, before which



ROBERT J. THOMPSON

Former American consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany

all questions, too large or too acute for diplomatic action, would resolve themselves, and that a verdict or judgment from such a world court would carry a moral force sufficient to make it effective without resort to other power; and further, that a *real* and accepted law must *first exist* as necessarily precedent to a competent court; therefore, the primary step towards the establishment of proposed international tort, and law and equity courts, would be the rendition into the *highest and most authoritative* form, of the rules, precepts, precedents and practices of the present so-called Law of Nations—even as they now exist—and which would become a law of the individual nations of the world, in the same manner as the

highest law of a nation, in its ultimate application, is the first law of the citizen, city or state."

THE IDEAS OF ELIHU ROOT

The notes from Mr. Root's address were as follows:

- (1) "The proposal of a *new legal structure* (international law) that shall be *written* and enforced by all nations."
- (2) "A definite code written by all the nations of the world to supplant the *present* Laws of Nations."
- (3) "The nation which *violates* the law written by *all* the nations should be treated as an *international' criminal*, and should be punished by the family of nations."
- (4) "Concerts, of Europe and alliances and ententes, and skilful balances of power all lead ultimately to war."
- (5) "When this war is ended the civilized world will have to determine *whether what we call international law* is to be continued as a mere *code of etiquette* or is to be a *real* body of laws imposing obligations more definite and inevitable than has heretofore been the case."
- (6) "Vague and uncertain as the future must be there is some reason to think that after the terrible experiences through which civilization is passing there will be a tendency to *strengthen* rather than abandon the Law of Nations."
- (7) "While the war has exhibited the *inadequacy of international law*, so far as it has yet developed, to *curb governmental policies*, which aim to extend power at all costs, it has shown even more clearly, that little reliance can be placed upon unrestrained human nature subject to specific temptations to commit forcible aggression in the *pursuit* of power and wealth."
- (8) "During all the desperate struggle and emergencies of the great war, the conflicting nations, from the beginning, have been competing for the favorable judgment of the rest of the world, with a solicitude which shows what a mighty power even now that opinion is."

BINDING THE NATIONS THROUGH ENACTED INTERNATIONAL LAW

The chief result expected from the League of Nations may be attained, in the judgment of many thoughtful men, by the promulgation and general acceptance of a fixed code of international law, that is, a *statutory* international law—a world contract.

This, in effect, would bind the nations of the world into a union along the lines we have already travelled for some thousands of years, and give us the spirit and the performance of a league of the peoples of the earth, without the experimental, and, perhaps, tentative structure of a League of Nations.

Not a few of the things we did in the war, as well as numerous others we propose doing now, strangely enough, we borrowed from the alleged beginner of the war—Germany; and equally now as well, we take this suggested league of nations from her.

How is this?

GERMANY A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

President Wilson in his April, 1917, Red Cross address in New York, referred to a league of nations as already existing in the fact of there being a score of countries (there were thirty in all) combined in war against the Germanic Powers. And this was undoubtedly true in a very large and important degree; but, on the other hand, and in the German Empire, so called, there existed and exists to-day, also, a league of nations which has stood the test of forty-eight years of prosperous life, and has just passed through the crucible of permanent amalgamation—a league of twenty-six sovereign states—formerly independent governments, and whose executives were recognized as sovereign heads, coequal with the former German Emperor, in everything excepting the foreign relations of those countries—a league of twenty-six governments.

In this league of the old German nations there was a logical controlling power—Prussia. Would not our proposed new league of nations inevitably follow the same course and form taken by the German federation? Would not an association

of states necessarily be led by the chief power forming the combine, the power having the greatest wealth and influence? Would the smaller states not automatically become in time, if not political, at least economic vassals of the leading state in this proposed union? Would it be possible to form a league of nations—a combination of forces—whether moral or material, without placing the strongest unit at the head? Or would it be possible to prevent the strongest, the greatest force from directing the development of such an association, whether it were placed at the head or not?

The Senate of the United States seems to think not. We will soon see what the people have to say on this subject.

GERMANY PRUSSIANIZED BY COMBINATION

Germany was Prussianized by the combination of Germanic states, and logically and inevitably so. Prussia stood to the Germanic states as the British Empire might stand to a new world combine, certainly in respect to area and population. A world league of nations, if formed under the directing influence of the Entente Powers in the late war would mean, that America or England will become the Prussia of such a combination, or that the one or the other would become its Bavaria.

The Germanic union, designated as empire, but under its constitution, a republic of nations, with the presidency resting in the Prussian state, was the result of a dream of centuries. The community of language, economic interests, and defensive demands of the German states, made it far more natural and practical than a league of nations for the preservation of peace. We were fighting to destroy this league of German states, at least so far as it gave expression to itself through its logical leader, Prussia. It was very widely believed that the end of the war would see this result brought about in some form.

In any event, leagues are tentative, they break up, or divide in some way, and generally, if political leagues, they dissolve more readily under the mellowing influence of peace, than under the stress of war. Associations fall apart, and the parts become antagonistic. A league or an association is a temporary expedient. They do not contemplate permanency. Born out of emergencies, such as the present revulsion against war, they are calculated to bolster up conditions resulting from imperfect organization or incomplete laws.

We should start at the beginning of the proposition. In a new state, or a primitive political community (and it is in a certain sense such a condition which confronts the world to-day, especially as regards the universal peace idea) men first propose, accept, or submit themselves to certain rules of conduct and relationship with one another. The first social law of man is the law of personal property. In a broader or international sense this principle may be compared to the recognized rule of International Law of the territorial sovereignty of the state. In a primitive organization laws are formed by consent or force, and in either case their creation—the *making of the laws*—is invariably precedent to the founding of courts of law.

PROPOSAL TO THE HAGUE

In 1908 a suggestion was presented to the conference then being held at The Hague, proposing the submission, on the part of the conference, to the various powers, of a plan to appoint delegates to work out a practicable scheme for the creation, or establishment, of an international written statute to be founded upon the chief accepted principles of the Law of Nations. It was held that without such a fundamental fixed statute, effective international courts could not exist. In other words, if such a court could be formed, it would unavoidably become an empty, futile thing as it would be without the power to determine its jurisdiction and without the foundation precedent to competent courts—written and accepted law.

With a written statutory law, courts follow automatically. They create themselves through the necessities of the case. The law would be incomplete and no law at all without provision

for a court to determine its application. There never has been any particularly profound interest in the various international peace and arbitration court proposals because of their impracticability; and this impracticability has been synonymous with the absence of a defined statutory law of nations. The proposition of an international peace court has been approached from the rear, from the side and never from the front. No nation has seemed to dare to make the proposal in the logical, direct and usual fashion, by which the simplest justice court, the state or supreme courts of all nations are provided for, *i. e.*, by statutory or written law.

Let us avoid the vain and profitless work of hitching our horse behind this vehicle of world effort.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IS INTERNATIONAL ETIQUETTE

We know what International Law has been: a mass of precepts, precedents, courteous acknowledgments, etiquette between sovereigns, agreements and treaties of nations, the decision of local courts—all vague and indecisive when applied to new conditions and extraordinary circumstances; and invariably subject to individual interpretation according to the historical traditions and material interests of the parties involved.

It is like the gentleman's agreements and pools of the old fighting trusts, which under the stress of storm may go to pieces in a night.

The world requires a written and an enacted international law. Suitable and competent courts will then arise of themselves, and our league of nations will become a living fact without the name. Supposing the leading countries of the earth: America, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, etc., were to place themselves under a fixed written statute of international law, what would be the result? We would have the nations of the earth controlled—so far as their relations with one another, and to all the others were concerned—in exactly the same manner as the individual member of a legally constituted and organized community or a state, is controlled in his civic relations with another member or citizen of that state.

The individual who opposes the final decision of the highest court outlaws and destroys himself. Such an action would be the performance of an imbecile. It cannot be done. It would be the same with the individual nation.

Germany was and is yet a league of nations—twenty-six German states—organized for what? The constitution of this

league of states says—defence of territory. That was the first clause of the old, imperial German contract.

Mr. Wilson's proposed league of nations is to have as its primary, if not sole object, the preservation of world peace. But a league of nations with this object uppermost must be a league of all nations; at least of all the great powers. War might conceivably bring about a league of the peoples of the world; but when based on the past conception of patriotic ideals, it could not produce a complete league of governments operating upon such ideals.

A FIXED LEGAL BLOCK OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH

If we use the term Prussian Militarism in its generic sense, and it can hardly be applied in any other, the whole world would have to be pretty effectively gassed before we are free from it. Having set out to destroy this Thing, our contract does not end when the operation is finished. We may have a long job of nursing and gentleness of spirit, to bring an overful clinic, with its militant patients, far more numerous than the surgeons, to a state of health. Prussian Militarism, like German music, spread far beyond the place of its origin, and was at home wherever ambitions and aggressive patriotism existed. We do not forget the doctrine of the "Big Stick" and "Speak Softly and Carry a Club" of Mr. Roosevelt.

As the result of a peace without victory, or by understanding as originally proposed by Mr. Wilson, a league of nations might have been a practicable proposal; but, as an issue of war *à l'outrance*, such a creation is hardly thinkable.

Imagine France making an alliance with Prussia, or Germany, in 1871; and in that war the result was, as many people regard the thing, the disannexation of one of the conquests of Louis XIV, and the forced return of war tributes placed upon the German states, by Napoleon the First.

I suggest that we can only get at the heart of the proposition, if practical plans are laid for the building of written International Law; its codification and enactment into statutory form as the great *charterial institution of world civilization*; a joint contract which shall be agreed to by all; out of which supreme and competent courts of law and equity will arise, and against the verdicts of which no nation could maintain itself a moment without ostracizing itself from the family of nations—against a fixed legal block of the civilized states of the earth; and against which, finally, there could be no appeal, unless it were to be the flight of the defendant, like the murderer or horse-thief, into the wilderness.

TO A BUTTERFLY

WHITHER and where, Oh Butterfly?
Thy wings on journeys bent,
Nestling here and fluttering there
On a mission ever intent.

Away and anon on the wafted air
High up in yonder skies,
Soaring with lovely outstretched wings
Thy graceful body flies.

But then, thou art but a Butterfly
And lightly thy life is cast
Safe art thou till thy wings are singed,
Or caught in a net at last!

Where art thou gaily fluttering
With thy frail wings lightly cast?
Sailing away on a breath of air
With thy thoughts so truly masked?

Sailing away like a ship of state
Far out in the world to roam,
Sailing away with never a thought
Of life, or love, or home.

Aida M. Houston

Senatorial flights outside the Senate Chamber

Thrills Above the Capitol Dome

How Washington, with its spotless marble buildings set in billows of verdure, looks to the nation's lawmakers

By MAYME OBER PEAK

DID you ever see the United States Capitol upside down? I mean literally, not legislatively. If you haven't, it's worth a trip "up." For no other angle does it justice; no other way can you get its *tout ensemble*, as 'twere, nor see what a neat white playhouse the lawmakers have in which to act their national parts.

For a long time I'd been curious to know whether the imposing figure on the dome of the Capitol was an Indian or a goddess of liberty, and my main purpose in "going up" was to settle this point without recourse to the Congressional Library.

But such are the disappointments of life that, due to the Army regulation that an aeroplane must not go nearer than two thousand feet to the top of the Capitol—so, I suppose, that if the engine went dead, the lawmakers in the quiet (?) of their chambers could hear it and have time to scurry to safety before the thing came crashing down on their defenseless heads—the identity of that statue still remains vague.

Just about the same disappointment met me in the Washington Monument. "Now," thought I, "I'll see the top of you at last," as we approached it at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. But, alas! as we circled 'round and 'round, all



(Reading right to left) Lieutenant Scott, pilot; Senator Fernald, Maine; Senator Smoot, Utah; Senator McCumber, North Dakota; Senator Hale, Maine, and Senator Spencer, Missouri.

I saw was the end of a quill toothpick that looked as tho it had been dropped in the ground by some bygone prodger and grown up like the proverbial beanstalk!

Mr. Woodrow Wilson's house down on Pennsylvania Avenue seemed merely a conservatory with elongated glass wings, and the public buildings and streets of Washington were so infinitesimally small and neatly arranged that the miniature clay model of the Capital City which reposes in a glass case at the Library of Congress is a replica of the picture we got.

Bigger than the earth, however, seemed the "Eagle," the 7,540-pound Curtiss aeroplane in which we soared. The first three-motored land machine to be produced in America, this monster, with its 450 horse-power, can climb four thousand and seventy-five feet in ten minutes, carry a load of two thousand, three hundred and twenty pounds, and at an altitude of six thousand feet, with two motors cut out, glide ten miles to a safe landing. Safety, one hundred per cent; comfort,

ditto. The fuselage, the enclosed limousine body in which we sat, was fitted up as luxuriously as the interior of the modern motor car de luxe. Eight individual wicker chairs, arranged in two rows with aisle between; dome light; flat windows of triplex, non-breakable glass, at the top, with curved windows of celluloid at the side; a pilot that sat like a rock in the front cockpit, and seven passengers taking their first trip through the air completed the outfit.

We had ascended the plane by stepladder, just as you climb over the side of a ship, and, after considerable coaxing of motors, amid the cheers of the crowd assembled at Bolling Field, had risen so easily from the ground that none of the party realized we were actually in the air until, suddenly, we saw below us the waters of the basin and Potomac glistening in the sunshine, and then our aeroplane swung out for a spin down the Speedway.

It was a perfect November day, clear and still. There were no traffic cops, no "stop and go" signs, no nursemaids nor youngsters to run over. Small wonder the man at the wheel looked so calm and unperturbed, and his passengers so cool and undisturbed! But for the terrific noise of the motors, if the automobile in which we drove to Bolling Field had been lifted and driven thru the air, there would have been little difference in the sensation we actually experienced in the spin thru the clouds. More of a thrill can be had on an elevator in a certain big department store in Washington than we got on that flight in the "Eagle." And, as we came back to earth without a jar and rolled in on the four big wheels, arranged in tandem pairs, "we were seven" disgruntled flyers.

Mr. Stratton, the vice-president of the Curtiss Aeroplane Corporation, and host of the day, met the party on landing.

As we climbed down the side of the ship, he called out: "Well, what do you think of *that* for flying in comfort?"

"Who wants to fly comfortably?" I groused, acting as spokesman for the party. "In that limousine bus a lady can travel to the theater without putting on a hairnet, but when one goes out for sensations, who's looking for *comfort*? I, for one, am disappointed!"

"Do you mean that?" asked Mr. Stratton, quickly passing the buck. "If you do, the 'Oriole' is right here and will take you up, and I'll calculate will give you all the thrills you want."

Now, having heard just the day before of a certain Congressman who had insisted on carrying smelling salts and a fire extinguisher on his flight in the "Oriole," and who, upon return to *terra firma* had frankly stated: "I don't care who knows it, that got my goat," I naturally wasn't as anxious for an "Oriole" thrill as I might have been otherwise. In fact, I felt about it pretty much like the King of Belgium did on a similar occasion.

It appears that during his recent visit to Washington, the Navy Department, on the day he was to go to Annapolis, had arranged to "fly him" down. At the last moment, however, the State Department sat down on the plan, notifying the Navy that it was "too much of a risk."

So the big hydroplanes went kingless to Annapolis—for exhibition purposes only—while His Majesty rode in state in an automobile. Later it leaked out that the King wasn't very keen about flying, after all, which (Continued on page 236)

Founder of "The Thought-Balanced Technic"

American Composers' Programs

Miss Elizabeth Siedoff, the noted pianist, specializing in programs from the works of eminent native composers

IT has remained for Elizabeth Siedoff to interpret upon the piano American compositions in a way that they can be understood by Americans. Her repertoire includes the old masters and other modern schools, but her concert work presenting American programs soon attracted widespread attention. She has received recognition from the press as the pioneer in this field. The following appeared in *The Musician*: "Elizabeth Siedoff of Boston was the first pianist to specialize in American music. She plays besides compositions of the better known composers, many works that are somewhat discoveries of her own." To hear her play any one of her many American compositions indicates why she has triumphed in the rendition of American themes.

Elizabeth Siedoff also stands unique and distinctive as founder of "The Thought-Balanced Technic" * for the piano-forte. The following is a sketch of the experiences which have brought her to the place she holds in the musical field today:

Her one aspiration as a tiny girl was to learn to play the piano. Born in Lockport, New York, the native city of both parents, she received renown in her early 'teens as a pianist. She pursued her studies vigorously at the Conservatory in that city, and after receiving her diploma went to Europe to continue her life work under the masters. One of them conferred the distinction of "master-pupil" upon her, while another accepted her as his only pupil during his fully-planned summer. Her success in composition, as well as in other musical subjects, was also marked. While a student abroad Miss Siedoff appeared in many salon recitals and was appointed organist and choir director of the American church in Berlin for two summers, having accepted the honor of being the first woman who ever occupied this position. Her experience in this line has been upon the largest European and American organs.

She returned to America just before the war broke out in Europe and constructed programs made up of American composers and continued occasional work with the world's greatest pianists in this country. In speaking to our correspondent Miss Siedoff stated:

"After having studied with no less than six prominent masters, I set aside a period of quiet research for one principle and idea which must underlie all of the seemingly varied presentations given me by these teachers, until at last I saw that the source was entirely mental, and discovered that the result depended primarily upon the right adjustment of thought, which balances the finger tips, relaxes the body as a whole, and permits the hand and arm as well to take a natural position. I developed a most original way of imparting this idea, which I named 'The Thought-Balanced Technic.' Its simplicity has proved most interesting and unusual. The realization that the muscles are but the subservient forces of thought at work in the consciousness of the performer renders 'The Thought-Balanced Technic' the most perfectly responsive medium of expression whereby freedom, simplicity, grace, harmony and power may be manifested. In proportion to the degree that one conceives the magnitude of a single tone, octave, or chord, is he given the power to express it, and to the extent that he eliminates physical obstructions, caused by wrong thinking and tension, does he free the channel for real

expression. Never limit the student's capacity to produce all that you maintain for him. Always declare that the pupil has still greater power than he already comprehends. This brings unlimited results and much joy to the earnest seeker for truths regarding the underlying principle of piano playing; reveals a new message, and above all, a principle applicable to every activity of the pupil's daily life.

* "Each piece of music I regard as a tree which the gardener is given to attend. The branches of melodic, harmonic and



MISS ELIZABETH SIEDOFF

rhythmic expression bud, develop, and mature until they blossom into the flower and ripen into the fruit. Music is to me something more than drudgery with its trail of disappointments. It is rather an unfoldment of new ideas day by day under the inspiration of sincere and honest achievement." *

Now we know why Elizabeth Siedoff has mastered technique with "intelligence and thoroughness," as the critics write. To prove that this principle could be applied successfully in cases of others as well as her own, Miss Siedoff accepted aside from her concert engagements, a number of pupils from various parts of the country, at her studio in Boston during the winter and in Bar Harbor during the summer. She taught not only teachers and advanced students, but also beginners, with the result that it brought satisfaction and joy to each individual. She was gratified to read the following comment made from greater Boston and published by the critic of the *Musical Courier*: "Miss Siedoff has been most (Continued on page 239)

*Copyright 1930, Elizabeth Siedoff

Ask Him—He'll Tell You

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

IT is a safe bet that the compiler of "Who's Who in America" is no fisherman, otherwise he would have printed in bold-faced letters the name of Dixie Carroll, Chicago. In equally impressive type he probably would have added the unique title, "Piscatorial Adviser Extraordinary."

That's exactly what Dixie is, and if you don't believe it, ask any one of several million disciples of the original Isaak Walton in this country. You won't have to search far to find them, either. They are in Wall Street, under the Capitol Dome at Washington, in the stock yards of Chicago, behind the counters of village stores, out on the western prairies—wherever, in fact, there is a man or boy who has listened to the music of a humming reel. They will tell you that Dixie is not only some fisherman himself, but that he has the faculty of telling other people how to be so in language that is at once instructive and picturesque. Best of all, he puts no price on the advice he offers; it is yours for the asking, providing you send along a stamp to cover his reply. This is important when it is understood that some months he has received and answered no less than six hundred inquiries from perplexed fishing fans.

These subjects have covered every subject from the right way to impale a worm on a hook to the correct weight of a musk-lunge forty-two inches in length and sixteen inches in girth, that had been caught at five o'clock in the afternoon on the Fourth of July, but couldn't be weighed because the lucky angler was so fussed that he dropped his scales overboard just at the moment he started to apply them to the monster.

A little poser like that is peppermint candy for Dixie. He knows what that fish *should* have weighed, because, you see, he has in a neat little indexed book the dimensions fore, aft, round about, criss-cross, and every other old way, of some hundreds of muskies of his own catching. Therefore it is merely a question of a little figuring for him to dope out the matter down to the fraction of an ounce.

In the same reliable manner he can and will advise you on any other subject that has to do with fishing. And all of his information is based upon personal experience, for, be it known, Dixie has fished from the Hudson Bay country down to the West Indies, and from the Maine woods to the Pacific Coast; in fact, he has been doing this very thing almost since he was a little shaver in knickerbockers. Furthermore, he imparts his advice in such a breezy, pal-to-pal style that you feel absolutely certain he has no other object on earth than to help you solve whatever angling problem confronts you.

Only once, it is said, was he ever known to lose his smiling good humor. This was when a so-called "game hog" sent in a bragging account of the hundred and odd ducks he had bagged single-handed one morning, winding up his letter with, "Oh, by the way, I'm having some trouble with my gun; it doesn't shoot as close as it used to. Can you tell me how to keep the shot from scattering?"

Back went the reply: "Use one shot!"

Dixie's earliest contact with deep water came when a catboat in which he and his father were fishing in Chesapeake Bay overturned, sending father and son to a cold bath. Father swam ashore with son on his back—said son having the nerve to call dad's attention to a school of fish swimming nearby



DIXIE CARROLL

Fisherman extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Disciples of Izaak Walton

while the perilous journey was in progress, and to remark that if his landing net hadn't gone down when the boat upset, he would bet he could get a dozen of 'em at one swipe.

After reaching shore and removing some of the water from his lungs and clothes, Dad gently intimated that Dixie's forte was the fishing game thenceforward (Continued on page 239)

Northeastern College: A History

NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association is one of the most broadly known and useful educational institutions in the United States, and its growth and development have attracted widespread interest on the part of educational authorities throughout the country.

Since the date of its establishment in 1851, the Boston Y. M. C. A., the first in the United States, had conducted evening classes in elementary subjects for employed men. The first course offered was known as a "Class for Intellectual Conversation"—what would probably be termed "Current Events" today—which was followed by short courses in mathematics, drawing, languages, etc. The development was gradual, no definite plan existed, and no one supervised the work.

In 1895 Mr. George W. Mehaffey was called to the general secretaryship, and the same year Frank P. Speare, now President of Northeastern College, was engaged as a teacher of English. During this year Mr. Speare was especially impressed with the earnestness and capabilities of his students and came to the conclusion that if adequate facilities were provided and a definite program set up, this work could be transformed into that of a broad educational institution. He stated his convictions to Mr. Mehaffey, who endorsed them and presented them to the Board of Directors, and in 1896 a definite school system was set up and put in operation, under the direction of Mr. Speare.

Four hundred and nineteen boys and young men were then enrolled during the evening hours, each paying one dollar a year for his instruction, it being agreed that in every case where seventy-five per cent of the recitations were attended the dollar would be refunded. The courses were largely vocational and of an elementary nature. Twelve teachers were employed, and the budget for the entire year was but twenty-eight hundred dollars.

The possibilities of the undertaking were immediately apparent. The percentage of attendance increased, the quality of the work was improved, and the second year showed a decided advance all along the line. Course after course was then added, until a large and varied program was in operation. The courses were then grouped into various sub-divisions, and the system became known as "The Evening Institute for Young Men."

Because of urgent requests for the opening of an evening law school, such a school was established in 1898 under the direction of Judge James R. Dunbar, James B. Ames, Dean of the Harvard Law School, and Samuel C. Bennett, then Dean of the Boston University Law School. A four-year course was set up, and a group of prominent young lawyers assembled as the Faculty. The success of this Law School was immediate; it quickly gained recognition, and in 1904 was incorporated and given the right to grant the degree of LL. B.

From the date of the incorporation of the Law School the evolution of the school system now known as Northeastern College and Associated Schools was rapid. In 1903 the first Automobile School in America was established by the Boston Association, being located for several years in hired buildings and finally moving into its own well-equipped shop and school

building. In 1909 the Huntington School for Boys was created and the Evening Preparatory Courses were grouped and placed on a dignified and accredited basis. The Co-operative School of Engineering, the only day school in the College, was established in 1909. The School of Commerce and Finance was incorporated in 1911, with the right to grant appropriate degrees. The Evening School of Engineering was established in 1913. Each one of these separate units evolved rapidly and became strong, vigorous, and increasingly useful. In 1915 it became apparent, therefore, that a reclassification was necessary.

The following year the secondary group was set apart, consisting of the Huntington School for Boys, a day preparatory



FRANK P. SPEARE
President of Northeastern College

school comparable with Exeter and Andover; the Evening Preparatory School, with a large student body and fitting for all the higher institutions of learning and for business; and the Automobile School, training students for the various branches of the automobile industry. In the collegiate group were the School of Law, the School of Commerce and Finance, the Co-operative School of Engineering, the Evening School of Engineering, and the School of Liberal Arts. It was determined that this collegiate group, with its high standards and remarkable product, should be given an appropriate

title, and after careful consideration the name of "Northeastern College" was selected and the secondary group became known as the "associated schools."

Under this new name and university organization the expansion and development has been truly phenomenal. The student body has grown from the original four hundred and nineteen to five thousand. The equipment is worthy of any high grade educational institution. Chemical, physical, electrical, mechanical and civil engineering laboratories fully equipped are now in operation, three large buildings are in use, the Faculty and assistants have increased from twelve to over two hundred, and the budget of twenty-eight hundred dollars of 1896 has grown to three hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for 1920.

Such an evolution is absolutely novel in educational history. Once a grammar school, always a grammar school; once a high school, always a high school; and once a college, always a college is the usual rule. But for an institution to start as less than a grammar school, with evening sessions, no equipment, a part-time staff, and an expenditure of less than three thousand dollars a year, and emerge as a recognized Massachusetts institution of higher learning—with degree-granting power, the second largest student body in the state, modern equipment, satisfactory housing, a thorough organization, and general commendation—is an unprecedented procedure which challenges the imagination.

An interesting fact in this evolution is that with scarcely an exception every course ever offered by the School during its long journey from a grammar school to a college is now in operation and being carried on in a way worthy of its new setting.

In view of the humble beginning, tremendous difficulties, skepticism, indifference, and in some cases hostility, which this school system has experienced in the past, the commanding position which it now holds, and the well nigh universal approval of its purpose and plans, one is almost staggered in the contemplation of its future.

It has been evident for several years that the work of Northeastern College could not be confined to greater Boston or even Massachusetts, for, in spite of the fact that over a hundred towns and cities pour their young men, day and night, into the Northeastern class-rooms, thousands of others too remote for daily travel persistently demand its services.

The Northeastern College Board of Governors have now taken their most important step in projecting many of its departments and activities into a group of New England Associations. Divisions and branches are now in successful operation under a Regional Committee of prominent business and professional men. Standardized courses, co-ordinated classes, supervision and unified control enable the Collège to offer maximum service at minimum cost to the students in many communities. Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Bridgeport, Providence, New Haven, and Lynn are now actively participating, with a combined student body which will reach, if not exceed, ten thousand during the coming year. Ten other

cities are in line for participation, and these, when organized, will greatly increase the volume of work carried on.

The officers of the Regional Committee consist of: President Frank Palmer Speare of Northeastern College, chairman; Benjamin A. Franklin, President of the Springfield Y. M. C. A. and Vice-president of the Strathmore Paper Company, vice-president; Chandler M. Wood, President of the Metropolitan Trust Company, Boston, treasurer; Galen D. Light, Secretary of Northeastern College, secretary; and Carl D. Smith, executive secretary. The budget has been underwritten by prominent financiers and business men for a period of five years.

A Home Study Course has been established by the Educational Council of the United Y. M. C. A.'s of America, and this program covers a multiplicity of subjects of great value, which will be featured by the divisions of Northeastern College so that a great number of men and women who cannot attend resident courses may be served.

As soon as the New England zone is in complete running order it is planned to establish similar collegiate zones in other parts of the country, clearing through the International Committee at New York City, and being united in a definite system with a student body of nearly two hundred thousand men.

Northeastern has been the originator of many new and improved methods of instruction; it has eliminated non-essentials, stressed essentials, simplified methods, and, thru the co-operative form of education, combined theory and practice; it has ever been a leader in thought and action and has had a decided and valuable influence far outside of its own field of activity. It was the pioneer in America in Vocational Guidance; the school was used as a laboratory by the late Frank Parsons, and but for his untimely death Northeastern would have been the headquarters for a great development and promulgation of the vocational guidance idea.

Northeastern was the first school system of which we have any knowledge conducted and operated on the hypothesis that evening students could do college work at night, and, because of their maturity, high purpose, determination, and zeal, accomplish precisely as good results as their brothers in the day schools and colleges. This conviction has always been stoutly maintained, and the success of Northeastern graduates at the Bar, in C. P. A., Civil Service, in engineering practice and college entrance examinations, and in innumerable lines of human activity attests indisputably the fact that this school system has been of inestimable value, not only to its great student body of over five thousand men, but to an army of other men studying in similar schools which have in large measure adopted the Northeastern plans and methods.

This great work is now in full swing. Northeastern looks to the future with ever-increasing enthusiasm and high hopes, seeking in every way to benefit the ninety-eight per cent of our adult male population who, though unable to attend the regular day colleges and universities, are possessed of latent ability, ambition, and determination. The past of the College is secure, the present is rich in accomplishment, the future unbounded.



Goldye Miriam meets the Heart Throbs girl

Lorraine Harding Talks Turkey

By
GOLDYE MIRIAM

About people who ridicule the movies—About presenting the people's chosen songs and stories on the screen—About being a star without press agents, bon bons and Dill pickles

THE hotel clerk looked up from his book of registrants.

"You want to see Miss Harding?" he repeated, an inflation of his voice putting a most courteous twist to what he had said.

He thought for a moment, looked at his switchboard (this hotel was a sort of one-man proposition down near Cape Cod), and then said:

"She's working on a 'Heart Throbs' picture, you know, and she left word that she would be out on location all day if any one happened to call. I wouldn't like to disregard her wishes, miss."

A whining sort of sound was heard, and I turned around to see a lad push open the elevator door. A second later and the "Heart Throbs" girl stepped out.

I lost no time in starting toward her, and approaching, said:

"Of course I know, Miss Harding, that you will be too busy to see me this morning, but if you don't mind, I'd—"

"Why h-e-l-l-o," Goldye Miriam, she greeted. "I've been waiting to see what sort of questions you were going to ask me after reading your articles about D. W. Griffith and Constance Talmadge. Where shall we go? Anywhere you say is agreeable to me—up in my room, in the parlor, out on the porch—anywhere."

There was a fresh, wholesome pleasant ring to Miss Harding's voice. She had a way of looking sincerely sweet. Dressed in a simple morning frock, she radiated the very essence of the make-yourself-at-home spirit.

We walked over a bit of somewhat sandy lawn to a point where we caught the first glimpse of the beautiful natural setting that will form the backgrounds for "Annabel Lee," the "Heart Throb" picture on which Miss Harding is now at work. Presuming that the star was as interested in the pretty landscape as I was, I contented myself with taking a broad view of the situation, quietly making ready for an opening through which I might start off our chat about pictures. The opening came sooner than I expected.

Toward us was approaching a group of several men. One was deeply engaged in noticing the sun, the far-off rocks, and other bits of photo-

graphic novelty. Another man bringing up the rear was carrying a large motion picture camera.

"Oh, Mr. Van Buren," called Lorraine Harding, "come over here and meet Goldye Miriam."

And Ned Van Buren, a rather tall, serious-looking chap, came over and expressed greetings. "Van," as everyone called him, was extremely pleasant. In fact, the entire staff seemed inclined to treat the work as pleasure. I found none

would be too busy to see me, and that after waiting for several hours someone might tell me to call again or just make up something and write about the star. That's the usual method of picture companies."

"Well, I don't believe you could make 'Heart Throb's' pictures that way," spoke up Miss Harding. "These pictures aren't made like Ford automobiles. There's no process or blue-

print that we can follow.

Of course we have our scripts worked out to the last detail. We know what we are going to do and how we are going to do it. But we don't take the machine-made system as our policy. In order to transfer to celluloid the prettiest thoughts in song and story, we have to aim at a rather invisible object known as *sentiment*. To make people really feel the joys and sorrows of what we put before them, we ourselves must so act out those human emotions that our intention strikes home. Otherwise we are not serving our purpose. If a 'Heart Throbs' picture relied only on melodrama to make it interesting, it would not be a 'Heart Throbs' picture, and in such an event we would be doing nothing original. But there is a higher motive for our pictures. It is true that we want to present entertainment and amusement, tintured with what facts about our respective subjects are educationally interesting. But most of all we want to present humanisms, flesh and blood, the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and failures of our people. And in order to present such we have chosen 'Heart Throbs' of our people as the source of material."

I do not pretend to be able to jot down a person's statement with the accuracy of a court reporter, or a staff writer on any New York daily. I've never been called upon to do so. At Texas University my English prof., whose manuscripts were invariably

rejected by all magazines to which they were submitted, would often break into oratory with a flow of words on present literary conditions that sent me flying through my hair for a pencil, but as a general thing I've not been called upon to take much shorthand. Nor need I say that I did not take Miss Harding's (Continued on page 233)



MISS LORRAINE HARDING

of the hustle-bustle and czarism so prevalent in movie studios and on location.

"It certainly is a treat," I commented, "to meet some movie folks who can find a little fun in their work. I had an idea that everyone

A monthly interpretation

The Pulse of the Movie-public

By
NASH A. NALL

Wherein Nash A. Nall discusses the new film features from the standpoint of audience-approval, the vitriol spattering on ye chronic critic

TO ask our dear reader to patiently scan these lines until such time as he may find a startling truth buried under the thorns and roses and box-office titles of last month's motion-picture news is not quite fair. The history of the last four weeks, so far as the motion-picture world is concerned, is written—indelibly written—with such force and clarity that qualification is entirely unfair and unjust. Which means in the main that "Humoresque," from the story by Fannie Hurst and produced under the general sponsorship of the Famous Players' organization, is probably the most commendable cinema accomplishment brought to the screen in the last thirty days.

The time specification means nothing. One hundred and three days—one thousand and thirty days, and the sentiment of the visitors and residents of New York City would probably remain the same. An entirely different production has been given the silver-sheet. A picture that relies neither on melodrama, star nor press agent has come forth in all its glory. "Humoresque" is exactly as it is termed, a story of mother love. Picture the shy, frail, sallow-cheeked lad of six. Tolerate for a second his baby desires, his foolish fancies, his faults. Sort out the good from the not-good. But it's impossible. That's why we have mothers.

"Humoresque" has the distinction of being one of the few picture plays to result in a celluloid success equal to its merit in story form. This picture certainly strikes a heart chord that makes a universal appeal despite the fact that it is forced to carry the responsibility of singling out one nationality rather strongly. This production, it is understood, will complete its indefinite engagement at the Criterion Theater, New York City, before it is shown in theaters throughout the country.

For courageousness in making his picture conform to his short-story style, Rupert Hughes deserves all medals. And for a sparkling, dainty, chic and humorous picture, his "Scratch My Back" is undoubtedly one of the brightest events of the month. Mr. Hughes apparently was determined to get inside the hard shell of present-day scenario structure and scratch. His efforts were well rewarded, and "Scratch My Back" will probably take its place in picture classification as a strictly original product. If it demonstrates only one thing, this picture at least proves that the author is permitted to be wisely familiar with his audience—as long as he steers clear of figures of speech.

Douglas Fairbanks, as he sojourns on the other side, has undoubtedly found that "The Mollycoddle" appealed to picture fans. Yet, the process of analysis will show that "The Mollycoddle" will not make as many friends for the genial "Doug" as his various other pictures. This is simply for the reason that America's strongest advocate of the smile does less in this picture to cause smiles than in any of his previous efforts. Naturally there are certain comedy incidents. But the majority of this picture fails to get across for the reason that Mr. Fairbanks' devices for laughs are generally known two or three scenes ahead of that spot at which the laugh is timed. But such small or great defects will not injure

the popularity of Douglas Fairbanks for many years to come. The laughs may be decreased, but the box-office patrons—never!

Marking her first appearance in several months, Mildred Harris Chaplin returned to the Strand Theater in "The Inferior Sex." Interesting indeed was the varied and strained efforts of the family of dramatic writers to pass opinion on this picture. All agreed that Mrs. Chaplin had undertaken a theme of momentous importance. But there was considerable difference of views relative to the picture's accuracy in presenting a story of "the inferior sex." Whether "the better half" or the other half is the inferior sex will likely require more discussion than we are at present able to give. But regardless of the answer to this question the picture is well worth seeing and can be especially recommended to young married couples or prospective brides and grooms.

Sailing high on the wings of Fashion as the result of pre-review showings atop the Astor Hotel, Georges Carpentier in "The Wonder Man" makes an interesting subject. Having never before acted for motion pictures, with little or no stage experience, the actor-pugilist has done remarkably well, and has demonstrated that he has more than the average amount of stage ability. Pretty Miss Faire Binney, sister of Constance, and just as attractive, does her bit to make the picture a success. The producers wisely seasoned this picture of a French secret service agent with just enough boxing, society, thrills and romance to please almost anyone.

To the astonishment of even her most ardent admirers, Norma Talmadge has surpassed her greatest previous performances and has produced in "Yes or No," probably the great picture in her career. Fairly throbbing with the faith, strength, and loyalty of the "no" girl, and the deceit, weakness, frailty of the "yes" girl, "Yes or No" carries the strong story of the loyal wife and the woman who had not the moral backbone to choose the hardest path. For finish and general excellence, the equal of "Yes or No" has not been seen in a long time. Miss Talmadge plays a dual role and scores a decided triumph in her portrayal of the role of the "yes" girl; but as the woman who said no she is superb.

Perhaps because it dove-tailed into the announcement that Harold Lloyd would receive \$1,600,000 per year, and perhaps because of the reason for that salary, the eyes of moviedom were fastened on "High and Dizzy," Mr. Lloyd's latest comedy made under the direction of Hal Roach, who is credited with having directed the comedian in all of his previous successes. "High and Dizzy" is indeed what is claimed of it—the best Harold Lloyd comedy to date. When one considers that Harold Lloyd for the last eight months has been drawing more laughs per foot of celluloid than any other comedian in the motion-picture world, this statement means a great deal. Anyone who sees "High and Dizzy" would not wonder why Mr. Lloyd is forced to accept his modest little salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per month. Count-

ing thirty days to the month, our Mr. Lloyd need work but two weeks and five days and he earns as much money as the President of the United States can earn in a whole year. But it is so much more difficult to make people laugh than to be a President, we suppose.

And speaking about Presidents, brings to mind the fact that Mr. Woodrow Wilson should be thanked by Mr. William S. Hart for the earnest praises of the former with regard to "Sand," the latest production of the latter. Just how many people went to see this Paramount release upon the recommendation of Mr. Wilson is hard to estimate. But there is no doubt whatever that those who did witness this production agreed with the President. Mr. Hart has been a favorite for some time, but he has never appeared to better advantage than under the President's official okeh.

Friends of Thomas Meighan will welcome the opportunity of seeing him in a starring role in "The Prince Chap," adapted by William De Mille from the famous play by Edward Peple. This is an extraordinary picture in that it follows the play to the letter, makes no pretense at interpolating some specially-improvised melodrama, and puts over its message in a sincere, straightforward way. Naturally it was severely criticized by the infallible New York critics, despite the fact that practically every audience at the New York Rivoli Theater applauded it enthusiastically. The critics found fault with it. But the thousands of theatergoers seemed to like it very well. Consequently we are inclined to believe that "The Prince Chap" deserves a crown of approval.

It is quite odd to write a monthly survey about anything as flouted as the motion picture without condemning at least one picture. But in our conscientious effort to convey to the picture-fan the opinion of the majority of persons who witness the latest productions at their premier presentations we are unable to do so. There are scores of other pictures that deserve mention, among them: "Married Life," a funny Mack Sennett five-reel feature in which Ben Turpin is starred; "La La Lucille," a Lyons and Moran comedy, adapted from the musical comedy; "The City of Masks," a most entertaining feature in which Robert Warwick is seen; "One Hour before Dawn," with H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, a fine mystery story; and "Li Ting Lang," in which Sessue Hayakawa, as an Americanized Chinaman probably does the best acting in his career.

Again—Will Rogers has scored a success with "Cupid, the Cowpuncher" a Goldwin release that delighted a week's audiences at the Capitol Theatre. Provided there is the germ of human interest in the story Will Rogers can interpret such in a manner all his own. A few more pictures like "Cupid, the Cowpuncher" and Mr. Rogers will be one of the three greatest male stars in the history of the screen.

And for our last paragraph we will refer the dear reader to our first paragraph, showing that an introduction can be used for a finale.

A popular sextette

Solid With the Movie-fans

Popular opinion, based on the number of people who follow the activities of these stars, according to our mail, results in this page of pictures



"The Man Who Had Everything," is the title of Jack Pickford's forthcoming Goldwyn release. Jack's undoubtedly the boy for the part



Titles and stories don't matter a great deal as long as Eithel Clayton plays the leading role. Here's her latest photograph



"The Thunderbolt," said "The Prince Chap," "Why Change Your Wife." All of them show the likeable Thomas Meighan to his best advantage



With the courage of the peer of artists Mary Pickford permitted a sad ending to grace her latest big four film, "Suds"



It's hard to identify Wallace Reid without an auto. But nevertheless the "Watch My Dust" chap is on his way and happy



If the Paramount Company knew how anxious are the movie fans for the next Lila Lee feature they'd certainly speed up the release of the next one

Memories of little "White Almond Flower"

Ben Grauer's Sweetheart

By
MARJORIE BELISCH

Miss Clarine Seymour and the ten-year-old stage and screen star found time to know each other while Mister Griffith directed them in "The Idol Dancer"

FADED, perhaps, from this world of cold realities, but blossoming divinely in the Soul of Youth, is the little "White Almond Flower" who has been called to the far-away, but who lingers cherished in the sweetest and saddest memories of a little boy who loved her—loved her not in the passion of romance, but as a brother would love his sister. Forgotten, perchance, by those to whom she brought the sunshine of happiness on the silver screen, but remembered with all the lustre of childish devotion is Clarine Seymour, who shares with Mrs. Ida K. Grauer the greatest place in the heart and prayers of Ben Grauer, ten years old, and the hero of this article.

Master Ben Grauer met Clarine Seymour nearly a year ago. It was just about the time that D. W. Griffith was selecting his cast for "The Idol Dancer," the production which almost cost the lives of the great director and his production staff. Miss Seymour had been selected for the leading role. Mr. Griffith was looking for a small boy, a lad with natural stage instinct, and who, in addition had a physique of such enviable proportions that he could take the part of a bright-eyed, semi-civilized urchin of the South Seas. The part would require considerable ability. Out of the many who were examined by Mr. Griffith, Ben Grauer was chosen.

Into the state of Florida toured the D. W. Griffith

appeared in comedies and finally had been asked by Mr. Griffith to appear in star roles in a number of his features. First came "True Heart Susie," brimful of the sort of sentiment that she loved so well to portray. Next was her picture "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Ben liked that picture best.

"You know," he told her, "I've been seeing motion pictures ever since I was old enough to understand the sub-titles. Mamma used to read them to me at first. Of all the pictures I ever saw, I believe I like 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home' best. There was something about it that just made everybody feel like friends of the actors."

Ben didn't express exactly what he meant when he discussed "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" with Miss Seymour. He hardly made himself clear to the writer. But I share with him the opinion that Miss Seymour appeared in one of

winning. Again Ben expressed my ideas when he told Miss Seymour:

"I liked you in that picture because the part showed you to be so like you really are."

And Miss Seymour asked about Ben's career. Ben Grauer was almost literally born on the stage. At the age of one and one-half years he was carried about in the arms of some of our greatest dramatic stars and served nobly as the child in question—a necessary evil which most of the good dramatic plays must have. As Ben became older he was given more important parts. Up to the present time he has appeared on Broadway stages in such successes as

Miss
Clarine Seymour
in "The Idol
Dancer"

Ben
Grauer

Ben Grauer
as a "Griffith
Savage"

troupe. Into that district where palms and other signs of tropical vegetation give evidence of relation to the lands washed by the gem seas of the South. It was on that first lap of the location hunt that Ben Grauer had a chance to know Clarine Seymour personally.

While the staff was resting after luncheon one afternoon, Miss Seymour and Ben engaged in conversation. They discussed stage careers and the beloved screen star told how she had originally

her greatest and most appealing roles in that picture. The full charm of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" reposed for the main part in the faith and loyalty of a cabaret girl—a miss whose easiest and rosiest road lay just outside the Don't Care Station. But the girl who stayed at home wasn't that kind of a girl. She took an interest in the great war, wrote more letters overseas than all the rest of the girls in her block put together, plied her knitting industriously between rehearsals, and was the loyalest, sweetest sweetheart that a screen author might imagine. It is just such a girl that wins everything worth

oil and smear this over his entire body. Then he put on a tiny strap—which incidentally was his costume for "The Idol Dancer"—and was ready to step down into the dining room of the hotel for breakfast. He could not wear a robe this early in the morning, for the paint would smear off. Consequently, he had to appear in the beautiful dining room of the Hotel Broward in Fort Lauderdale looking like the meanest little savage you can imagine.

"When Ben walked with me on the streets of Fort Lauderdale, the majority of pedestrians would stop and ask me if I had adopted a little cannibal. It was hardly (Continued on page 233)

The month's new ideas

Joys to be Anticipated

Marshall Neilan has a very clever idea in "Go and Get It," Katherine MacDonald's latest picture, Lillian Gish's ability as a director, Edna Shipman the newest star of the Shipman family



WE take pleasure in presenting herewith an insight into how Marshall Neilan accomplished such a remarkable feat in his production of an ape-man in his latest First National release, "Go and Get It."

ull Montana, who plays the part of the ape into whose skull was transplanted the brain of a criminal, no doubt had to undergo severe inconvenience in donning the make-up as shown in the accompanying photograph, but the result was certainly worth the pains, for in this instance Mr. Neilan has produced a picture that surpasses any of his previous efforts, including all of the Mary Pickford releases.

"Go and Get It" is a newspaper story, taking its title from the most thrilling four words in the vocabulary of the big-time city editor. There comes a time in the life of every newspaper reporter when difficulties present themselves in the covering of an assignment. It is in such cases that the city editor's battle-cry "Go and Get It" is the call that brings back the "story."

Perhaps the most novel incident in "Go and Get It" is the fact that the crimes which baffled the police of "Harbor City" were created by this ape-man. The animal-human is a product of man—a doctor who succeeds in an operation wherein the brain of a criminal sentenced to the gallows is placed in the skull of a huge gorilla. The operation is successful and within the head of the ape, the brain of the criminal functions, causing the ape-man to commit the crimes which the criminal swore to perpetrate before his death.

Beyond the question of a doubt, Mr. Neilan has scored a triumph in his production of this picture. For novelty of plot, action, thrills, suspense and human interest, in addition to a well-handled love story, he is to be especially complimented.



Her uncle, Ernest Shipman, is a producer—the man who brought us "Back to God's Country," as capable and farsighted a showman as the world has produced; her aunt is Nell Shipman, the star whose name has been emblazoned in electric lights the world over; her father is the Rev. Frank Shipman, who leads his flock in the West; and she is Edna Shipman, as sweet and pretty as she appears in this picture. She will be seen in "The Foreigner," soon to be released.



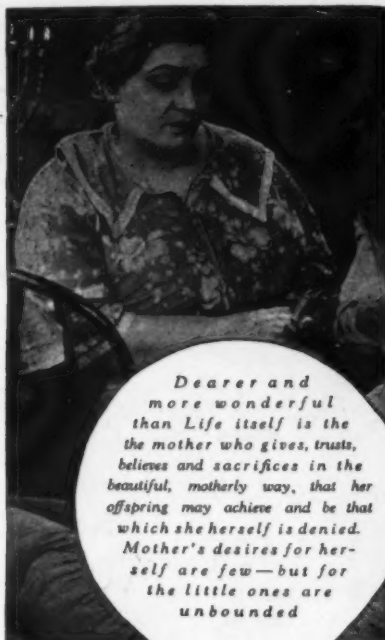
Lillian Gish has long been the idol of millions of screen fans. However, Lillian broke forth in a new light recently when it was announced that she had directed her sister Dorothy in a picture entitled "Remodeling Her Husband." With every trace of care and attention this picture is mighty good evidence that the woman director is going to be an important factor in picture-making. And there's very little doubt that Lillian in her initial direction effort applied some of the tricks learned from D. W. Griffith.



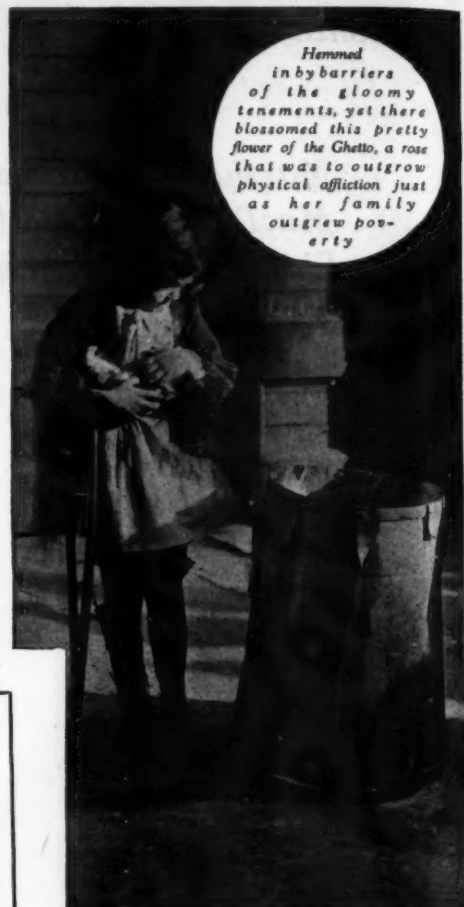
Katherine MacDonald's latest release will be "The Notorious Miss Lisle," in which she was directed by the famous James Young. In none of her other pictures has Miss MacDonald shown the histrionic ability that Mr. Young brings forth in her forthcoming production. Both she and the director are to be congratulated.



Who but a mother could see into the soul of the clinging, frail little lad who begged for a fiddle? Baby desires are rarely taken seriously. But here was the lad she had prayed God to make a musician



Dearer and more wonderful than Life itself is the mother who gives, trusts, believes and sacrifices in the beautiful, motherly way, that her offspring may achieve and be that which she herself is denied. Mother's desires for herself are few—but for the little ones are unbounded



Hemmed in by barriers of the gloomy tenements, yet there blossomed this pretty flower of the Ghetto, a rose that was to outgrow physical affliction just as her family outgrew poverty

"HUMORESQUE"

—that laugh on life with a tear behind it! Who better than Fannie Hurst could write a story of human beings, of mothers who give and smile, and cry—crying to hide certain "mother's joys," and laughing to hide the tears.

Human in its treatment, stirring in its relation of the story of a mother's faith and confidence, sad at times, humorous at times, always looking for the silver lining and always finding it, this picture, which has already held Broadway audiences for nine consecutive weeks, is one of the most laudable productions in the history of motion pictures.

The story deals with a Jewish family of the tenements, a lad with a baby desire to be a violinist, a father who fails at first to understand, brothers and sisters who act natural, and a mother who trusts and believes in her "wonder boy." The lad becomes famous, is true to his baby sweetheart of the Ghetto, but finally heeds the call of war. The story ends happily.

The person who would not be thrilled and pleased with "Humoresque" is not a normal human being.



And on the wings of a mother's answered prayer there soared to fame this wonder violinist of the ages. Spellbound, listened Kings and Presidents when the genius who brought the plaintive throb of the tenements from the strings of his violin, appeared before them. Thrilled was the world—and a sweetheart and a mother—at the mere mention of his name



The bugle call formed the dominant note on the heart-strings of the lad. Farewell to public, to the Ghetto sweetheart, to mother. But there came that glorious day when the last echo of the war guns was heard, and then he came back to a mother's arms.

Time flies; and so must we

America First, or Last, in Air Travel?

An eminent authority reviews our past mistakes, and makes suggestions for future development

By GUTZON BORGLUM

THE purpose of this article is to direct attention to America's future aeronautically, with such reference to her past as is necessary to accent her potentiality and what she can and must become as a world power in this new era. What we were, what we might have been, and what, in spite of the colossal failure of our aeronautics as a service to our army, we are bound to become, will be touched upon. Avoiding unrelated detail, I shall point to the causes of our failure and show how unnecessary it was and how impossible it is that the error can be read into history as a fault of American ingenuity, national parsimony, or governmental restraint. I shall also show that had we been guided by intelligent aeronautical knowledge, available both here and abroad, we would not only have outstripped England in her magnificent performance, but would today be leading the aeronautic activities of the world. So let us state offhand that America—as we are now officially styled, with South America, the convenient islands and protected seas of the western hemisphere—will within ten years (unless revolution checks everything) become the aeronautical mistress of the world. And we will hold that lead, unless Europe becomes a republic—which alone can permit interstate traffic in the air. Then again, this too may be the best method of uniting Russia's vast natural resources necessary with Germany's efficiency and ingenuity.

Aeronautic development, in a world sense, must be encouraged by a nation of vast territorial dimensions. America possesses this in her own area of friendly peoples and her relations with Canada and the Latin Americas extend the area of her experiment literally from pole to pole. This is not by any means a fantastic imagery, but a statement of the fundamentals necessary to create extensive experiment and maintain large enterprise.

* * * * *

In 1907 Orville Wright flew before official America at Fort Myer. His tiny elemental biplane attained, if I remember, sixty-seven minutes in the air. I witnessed the performance. About this time Hiram Maxim, La Grange and Bleriot, in England and France, were making experiments with the glider, plus engine power—which is what the airplane is—and in twelve years it has not progressed beyond this, largely because in spite of the most intensive activity in building, invention has been fought, organized against, and in America practically strangled by an association whose legality is in question.

After Orville had flown at Fort Myer, Wilbur, who had waited to give his brother in America the first chance, sailed quietly into space in France, ahead of the European inventors. I had the honor and the pleasure, as a member of one of the aero clubs, to be chairman of the committee which presented the Wright brothers with the first gold medal, I believe, ever given for such performance.

However, Langley's studies, his experiments and his accomplishments can never be over-praised, nor even by the jealous, ignored; and I am one of those who give the palm definitely to Langley instead of the Wrights for the demonstrations he made, altho we must not forget that even Langley did not invent the plane form. This seems to have been arrived at

about 1842. But Langley did add the engine to the plane—one of his models flew about a mile in 1896—which was quite enough to demonstrate all the Wright brothers accomplished about nine years later, in 1905. But there we rest, and the greatest invention of modern times almost lapsed as far as the attention it received for development in the country in which it was conceived by Langley and made practical by the Wrights.

In May, 1917, the National Defense Committee authorized Howard Coffin, an automobile "engineer" and "manufacturer," to create a board for the purpose of developing aircraft for our army. They met May 16, organized, and by May 20 had determined upon the plan which has now with the end of the war and salvage, completed its course and practically disappeared. This board announced on June 8, 1917, that "a great fleet of twenty-five thousand planes was about to be created, would be decisive in the war, and would be in the air months before an effective army could be in Europe." In other words, in less than twenty days after organization, this board, after rejecting the experience of the world, promised to win the war with the newest and most capricious invention of modern times—a bold and commendable proposition. In November (Thanksgiving Day), they toured the country with the Liberty motor—not under the engine's own power—but wrapped in the American flag. Orders for 22,500 of these engines were placed by the end of the year, and Major General Squiers applauded the product as "the greatest invention in the history of man." Before Mr. Ryan resigned, almost a year later, just as the war was closing, he increased the orders (altho the manufacturers had not completed their original order) that these "manufacturers might not become idle."

We do not need to go into details of what was actually accomplished. The world knows our boys, as late as the battle of Argonne, fought without protection of battle and chasse planes of American make, and that General Mencher testified recently that we do not now possess a single American-made battle plane. We also know that many thousands of Hispana-Suisa, La Rhone, Lawrence and Bogatti, etc., engines were ordered. We ought also to bear in mind, in connection with this, that in 1917 two hundred and thirty odd motor manufacturers in America produced 1,600,000 motors—but they were not air motors. This statement shows the unlimited capacity of America for production in engines.

It should also be remembered that many of these factories offered—and their offer should be considered on their credit as a guarantee of performance—to manufacture any European engine then in use; that the Rolls-Royce was actually being manufactured by American manufacturers in America for England—which indicates that the American workman can build anything, if he is permitted to, and explodes completely the theory that we were incapable of using even for emergency purposes Europe's experience.

When it was determined that America must enter the war of the world, she responded in proportion to her dimensions and magnificent resources. Appropriations were made on May 12, 1917, for \$11,800,000; on June 15, 1917, for \$43,450,000; on June 24, 1917, for the famous \$640,000,000; and again, on July 9, 1918, for \$884,000,000.

Few of us realize that the aircraft program extended beyond the famous \$640,000,000. If all were counted, we would find something close to \$1,600,000,000. How many of us realize that we could build one hundred and forty-three Woolworth Buildings and still have \$600,000,000 left for genuine airplane production. Estimate how many complete subway systems for Greater New York could be built with the airplane appropriations. How many complete Panama Canals! Or how



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GUTZON BORGLUM

much it would cost to completely replace America's commercial ship tonnage, together with Great Britain's. Then we can realize how America's entire aeronautic enterprise becomes truly a fable of the "Arabian Nights."

I have stated that about two hundred and thirty odd manufacturers of engines produced in 1917 one million six hundred thousand engines. It is not generally realized that less than three per cent of these two hundred and thirty odd factories were called upon to aid in the building of the Liberty motor. And, if my records and memory serves me, only five factories were given any direct orders for complete engines. These were the Packard, the Lincoln Motor, the Marmon-Nordyke, the Ford, and the Trigo, a small factory at New Haven. It will be seen what a negligible portion of our mechanical resources for war emergency was employed.

In airplane building, that is the plane apart from the engine, the resources of the country have been even less employed. Airplane production—the building of the body and the wings—is a simple tho accurate form of handicraft. Still, it was considered "so intricate" by the board of automobile aircraft chiefs that no aircraft builders anywhere in America were included in the war plan, excepting the Curtiss Company. This plant has recently become a large company and severed its relation with its founder, whose name it bore, and its stock in 1918 advertised in Wall Street as making a million a month. Men wholly unacquainted with aerodynamics were put in charge and the institution enlarged under government aid. It developed a pay roll of some fourteen thousand, and floor space capacity with machinery sufficient to supply America with a

hundred battle planes a day, had it been organized as the little Toronto factory, an offspring of this same institution, was organized. The little Toronto factory, of four acres, with twenty-two hundred employees, eight hundred of whom were women, and with but six gigs or tables on which to form their fusilages, produced and delivered complete as high as twenty-eight planes in a single day. It holds the record as the only properly organized airplane factory on the continent during the world war. The manager of the factory was an American, the aeronautical engineer a Scandinavian, and the owner the Canadian government.

No man on Coffin's board was an aero expert, or ever had anything to do with aeronautics, and the War Department to the end of the war never put an informed or aeronautical man in authority at any point where production or design was left to his decision, with authority to definitely decide anything. Neither did they encourage, stimulate, apply or employ inventions that were constantly appearing—inventions that would have been of great use to the department—inventions that would have saved lives, given us supremacy and developed the craft. And this want, early felt, and never remedied, strengthens the well-founded belief that the presence of aeronautical ability would have destroyed the program of control.

The department had also vast depots for concentration of its vast supplies. It had vast concentrations of office forces, buildings and an army of men that exceeded the standing army of England when she entered the war. It had aviators in training. In Oregon there were also men in the forest, in the mill and the office, doing everything but delivering spruce in proportion or up to schedule to the man power employed. Still, it was ample, and there never was a "spruce famine." We had enormous hangars, receiving stations, assembly depots in France, material for planes, etc., but somehow none of it ever joined up. There is an old saying in New England of men who never complete things, that they "don't jell," which applies to everything related to aeronautics in 1917 and 1918 on this side of the Atlantic. Still, with layman ability and lack of direction, all these various departments here enumerated buzzed and hummed with newspaper energy.

It was not until January and February, when the days were being tolled off, before the certain "spring drive," that the pressure to make good rang in the ears of the Board. And yet it must become clear to anyone who followed events that America had provided everything she deemed necessary and was using lavishly of that provision and was in full belief that her factories were all working with war-time efficiency. The crash, however, had come long before America knew anything about it. The Spring Drive was seventy-five days away. It dropped to seventy and sixty. It was estimated the Germans would move April 1st. They moved ten days earlier. The call for planes had been sent to France and she agreed to build what were needed, provided we would send her material. We agreed to do it, of course, but we never kept our agreement, and France could not build without material.

At this time and all thru the forming period, over sixty well-organized, well-equipped, well-financed wood-working factories, scattered about the United States, located in centers where labor was abundant, knocked in vain at the door of our aeronautic department. None of the interests outside of the first inner group, however, were given any work until too late to help our army.

Next to this condition was the vitally wasteful policy of deliberately ignoring American aeronautics. The leading interests organized the Manufacturers' Aircraft Corporation for the purpose of controlling what has become known as the "cross license" requirement, invented to protect the Wright and the Curtiss claims on patents—and until its legality was adjudged, let us say it seemed legitimate enough. It became, however, an obstruction and a trust against which no unfavored contractor could make headway.

(Continued on page 239)

Everybody takes an interest in



Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



ANY eminent musical artists will visit the United States for the coming season. And their triumphs abroad herald their coming.

The triumph of Alice D'Hermanoy at Royal Opera, in Covent Garden, London, has awakened wide interest in this popular and beautiful singer of Belgium, who sang at the Fete Nationales given to the King and Queen of Belgium in celebrating the great peace triumph. The critics in London have written that her voice has a distinctive sympathetic quality that

tells the plaintive story of her native land during those trying years of the war.

She was born in Brussels of Walloon descent. She studied at the Royal Conservatory in Brussels under the personal direction of one of the great masters of musical art. She also studied under Madam Emma Beauck, soloist of the famous Conservatory concerts. Earlier in her musical career, Madam Alice D'Hermanoy was determined to have a well-rounded repertoire and perfect herself in speaking parts for the stage before taking up operatic work. Her debut in opera was made at Galeries. Her wonderful talent and voice won her immediate popularity as a singer with a real soul expression. For four successful seasons she appeared in opera in her native city and was engaged in the opera at Cair where she sang the entire repertoire in her favorite role of "Urbain" in the "Huguenots," and her "Mignon" is pronounced a triumphal interpretation of the French opera.

She returned to France in 1914, just before the war, and not being able to return to Brussels; decided to go to Switzerland, where she was engaged in the Geneva Opera. During her stay in Switzerland she gave her services to the Red Cross and other activities, singing altogether one hundred times to raise funds for the wounded soldiers.

While at the Geneva Opera she became known in Switzerland as the "Florence Nightingale of Song" because her singing was associated with the cheering of the wounded on many occasions.

Long ago Alice D'Hermanoy evinced a desire to come to America and build up a musical career in the United States. American managers were candid in their appreciation of the sterling qualities of her voice and her artistic achievements. She now insists that the one country in which she wants to win unchallenged laurels is America, which has done so much during the war for her people. In a recent interview before coming to America, she remarked that she was anxious to meet the American audience.

"I want them to know of the appreciation of Belgium in my voice when I sing in America."

She will appear in a number of recitals and concerts during the fall and winter. While her repertoire includes more than thirty-seven operas, she insists that she is going to present in her concert work the cream of arias and selections of her career. She insists that she will master a number of English songs, though they have given her more trouble than opera.

"I am determined to be a real American while in America," she said with a stamp of her foot that indicated why she has succeeded as a prima donna.

Madam D'Hermanoy is a woman through and through, a



MADAM ALICE D'HERMANOY

A beautiful and popular Belgian singer, who has scored many musical triumphs both in this country and Europe

woman's woman. Enthusiastic about her art, she has a charming personality, and freshness and purity. Madam D'Hermanoy certainly knows how to make the voice express emotions and feelings. Although she has appeared in concert programs and operas all over Europe with the very greatest singers of her time, she insists that she will not count her artistic career as really begun unless she has won the heart of America—as America has won her heart.

* * * *

OUT in Springville, New York, lives a man who for fifteen years has made boys his hobby. This man is Alfred J. Westendorf, who is known thruout the country as "The Thrift Man," because he has started thousands of boys and young men on the road that leads to financial independence. "Thrift" is the practical religion that Mr. Westendorf preaches from the



ALFRED J. WESTENDORF
"The Thrift Man"

lecture platform, and in every community where he appears he puts his ideas into practice by opening twenty-five one-dollar bank accounts for that number of twelve-year-old local boys.

Mr. Westendorf has been a lifelong resident of western New York, and is a product of the country "white school house," supplemented with a thorough course in the "University of Experience." About fifteen years ago he began to make "boys" his hobby. At first confining himself to personal work only—of which he does a great deal yet.

His experience has been that if we are willing to dig for it, we will find "something good" in every boy. That if we develop that "goodness" and treat that boy as a human being and a friend, the undesirable elements will soon vanish of their own accord.

During the war Mr. Westendorf carried on a thrift scheme that attracted the favorable attention of many prominent people interested in the problem of better citizenship. Strickland Gillilan, the famous platform moralist, himself a profound student of citizenship-in-the-mould, says of the Westendorf Plan of Thrift: "You have worked out in your own original and unimprovable way, the details of the most helpful plan I have ever heard of." He has also found "ways and means" that permitted young men dependent upon themselves to enter and finish college.

Of late Mr. Westendorf has been intimately associated with the Boys' Brotherhood Republic of Chicago, giving generously of his time to further the aims of that organization.

During the past few weeks four or five boys of the Chicago organization have carried on a (speaking) educational campaign covering the states east of Chicago.

For two months before the beginning of the war Mr. Westendorf was paving the way for those boys by writing personal letters to nearly every Chamber of Commerce, Rotary and Federation of Women's clubs, east of Chicago.

Not content with this, he has been almost as active in as many states located north, west and south of that same city. New organizations are being added frequently. Recently they have been concentrating on Lincoln, Nebraska. A sixteen-year-old boy has charge of the local organizing, and although he has been there but a short time, he has already brought about some really worth while results—something that would make a "grown up" feel he was entitled to a compliment of "well done."

Not only have the hundreds of inquiries come from cities located in every part of the United States, but they have also come from Canada, England and far-away China!

Mr. Westendorf is preparing a lecture to be given from the lyceum platform dealing with the moral, social and economic values of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic.

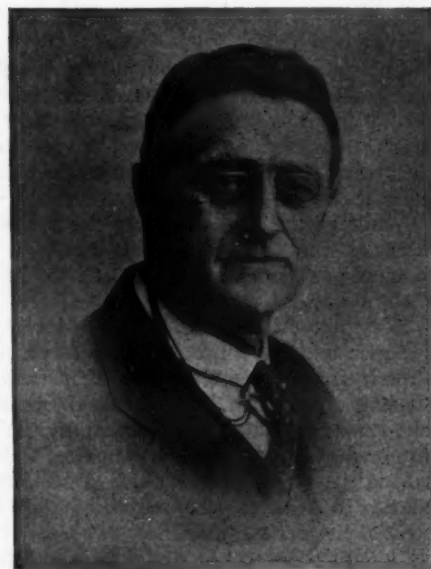
* * * *

IT is fitting that Pelham Anderson Barrows, Lieutenant-Governor of Nebraska, born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, should be the coming commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans of America. He was born almost in the very month that Fort Sumter was fired upon in 1861. He was given his middle name in honor of the heroic Major Anderson, commander of the fort.

Mr. Barrows is a direct descendant of Captain Miles Standish, through Sarah, the daughter of John Standish, the son of Miles Standish. The father of Governor Barrows, Pelham W. Barrows, served during the Civil War as a sergeant with the 18th Massachusetts Volunteers. His mother, Priscilla Shaw, known all over Massachusetts as the founder of the Carver Old Home Day, has been a loved and conscientious leader in patriotic work for many years.

Lieutenant-Governor Barrows went to Nebraska from Massachusetts in 1878 and lived on a homestead, driving cattle. In 1881 he located in the town of Albion and learned the newspaper trade. Since that time he has been active in newspaper work, having charge of the Lincoln bureau of the Omaha *Daily Bee*.

In 1891 Pelham Barrows was unanimously elected commander of the Nebraska division of the Sons of Veterans, having been an active member of the organization for more than thirty-three years. Elected lieutenant-governor of Nebraska by one of the largest majorities ever given a state officer, he was renominated in the 1920 primary. Presiding over the Nebraska State Senate for two sessions, Lieutenant-Governor Barrows has the sense of justice so well developed that it has not been necessary to make a single



PELHAM ANDERSON BARROWS
Lieutenant-Governor of Nebraska

appeal from any of his rulings. Again, too, in the absence of the governor he has acted as the chief executive of Nebraska for a considerable time.

For ten years Mr. Barrows served in the Nebraska National Guard, and retired with a commission.

Mr. Barrows was married to Miss Leonora Poppen, a native of Ohio, in a sod house on the homestead of her father, and knows what pioneer life on the prairie means.

It is such men as Pelham Barrows, coming out of the East, who have carried the ideals of the Pilgrims to the West. His active and successful public service will give to the Sons of Veterans a commander-in-chief who will build up the organization with an enthusiasm born of a love of its principles and purposes which Governor Barrows has maintained for many years, believing that filial devotion and remembrance to worthy soldier sires is the tie that binds and maintains inviolate the fundamental principles of the republic.

* * * *

CARL STEPHENS ELL, the Dean of the Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College, Boston, and Professor of Civil Engineering, was born in Staunton, Indiana, November 14, 1887.

He spent his boyhood on a farm near the village and attended the village schools. After graduating from DePauw University in 1909, he immediately went East to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While in the Institute, he became interested in the co-operative plan of engineering education and the idea of the linking together of theory and practice. While pursuing his post-graduate course,

he was engaged by President Frank Palmer Speare of what is now Northeastern College, to assist in developing the Co-operative School of Engineering which was then being established under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. Immediately upon receiving his Master's Degree from the Institute in 1912, he became the head of the Department of Civil Engineering in the Co-operative School, and later he became dean of the school.

Dean Ell has been an ardent, enthusiastic supporter of the Co-operative Plan of education, and has given his entire time to the development of the Co-operative School. He has been the most



JAY E. HOUSE

Who writes the daily column entitled "Second Thought" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

instrumental factor in building up an experienced and able faculty and a completely equipped school with the customary degree granting privilege and an enrollment of over five hundred students.

* * * *

THERE is not a newspaper column printed in the United States, day after day, with more real homespun and soothing philosophy than that written by Jay E. House, entitled, "Second Thought," in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia.

The charm of his work is enhanced when you know the man

who makes his "Second Thought" makes it the "first thought" when the readers of the *Public Ledger* pick up that paper. Jay E. House is a publicist and premier paragrapher and philosopher. Quiet, modest and self-effacing, he has a subtle virility that suggests a positive electric current.



CARL STEPHENS ELL

Dean of the Co-operative School of Engineering, Northeastern College

Jay E. House gives to his readers the cream of a rich life experience, for he has had a notable public career. He hails from Kansas, and was born in the small town of Erie, which figures in his work as Grigby's Station. After years of newspaper work in Topeka, his friends insisted on him being a candidate for mayor. He did so, and with all the newspapers lined up against him he ran the gauntlet of a bitter fight, and with his personality won the day, and he became mayor of Topeka, the capital of Kansas. He was a real mayor in act and deed. It was apparent, after the enthusiasm of inauguration day, that he was going to be a real mayor. No amount of pressure, cajolery, or intimidations swerved him from carrying out his own determinations. They insisted upon re-electing him. More than ninety-five per cent of the business men of the city signed a petition urging him to run for a third term, and they presented it *en masse*. Jay E. House has a sort of determination that can't be broken, and he declined firmly the lure of a third term. He had read American history and felt that three terms were too much for any one man, and with a consciousness that he performed his duty as a citizen he declined. They knew from his acts and deeds as a mayor that the decision could not be broken.

The great heart of Jay E. House has always been in his



DR. HARRY HALSTEAD
Who combines dentistry with railroading

newspaper work. Telegrams from Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia, kept coming to him with vivid pictures that his career might find its full fruitage in the city where the Declaration of Independence was first declared. After a succession of telegrams Jay E. House made his way to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia has found in the erstwhile Kansas mayor an appreciative resident and citizen.

Jay E. House has a direct way of saying things that is startling and pricks the human vanity with fine pointed wit. Nothing is sacred to him if, in his estimate, it lacks genuineness. And nothing frightens him or heads him off. Even in the test of running for office he did not alter his custom of writing what appeared to him to be real facts, although it might interfere with the diplomatic plans of his friends. He takes keen delight in watching public men feed the public with what they want to hear, and then he proceeds to tell the truth whether they want to hear it or not.

His description of early days and of a Fourth of July celebration in a Kansas country town is not only interesting as a bit of newspaper literature, but it indicates the source of sterling virility of citizenship nurtured in the small country towns.

The denizens of the East never tire of the quaint philosophy that comes of the experience of the man who ran the gamut of life by beginning in the small town and living among pushing, swirling throngs; he just sees human nature in all its phases.

To see Jay E. House on the board-walk in Atlantic City, with his keen blue eyes glancing with interest as he picks up here and there the stray comment and finds it the same good old notions that people have had in years past, is a sight for sore eyes. Whether the environment be a country town or the swirling maelstrom of a seaside resort, or a pushing subway throng, it is all the same to Jay E. House—they are just people—and people are always interested in people. If he were to be given distinction as a result of his busy career, it would be to christen him "Jay E. House People."

* * * *

RETURNING from seven and one-half months' service overseas, Dr. Harry Halstead found his practice as a dentist in Huntington, West Virginia, gone glimmering—his offices occupied! Before graduating from the Ohio College of Dental Surgery in 1913 he was a full-fledged conductor on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and his official status with the company was unchanged through the lapse of years.

So today Harry Halstead plays a singularly double role—perhaps, one unparalleled in the history of railroading. He pursues the profession of dentistry in Mallory from 8 a. m. until noon, and then takes charge of a train leaving Mallory at 12.45, operating to Huffsville, a distance of eleven miles. Stranger still, his forceps constitute a part of his regulation equipment as a railroad man. Passengers suffering intensely from toothache need not defer the painful business of extraction—simply consult the conductor-dentist.

Harry Halstead relates the incident of being on the verge of departing on his three-hour railway journey when hailed by a citizen of Mallory suffering with toothache. The patient was requested to wait until the train had made the round trip, but the agony of the aching tooth would not permit. While the engine consumed twenty-five minutes in taking water, the conductor-dentist extracted the decayed tooth. Then the train hove ahead on its eleven-mile assignment along Huff Creek.

* * * *

THE fifteenth anniversary year of the founding of Rotary by Paul Harris in Chicago has been most fittingly celebrated by the Rotary clubs all over the country. The Rotary wheel has become an emblem of progress. Rotary clubs are



Something's going to drop

the leaven in the loaf that makes other organizations wake up and do things. One phase of the work of Rotary during the past year, in which marvelous results have been achieved, is the Boy Movement. This is a work that peculiarly appeals to Rotarians, for while their motto sounds rather dignified, "He profits most who serves best," their procedure is to become boys again. They call each other by their first names, and, naturally, they get into the spirit of being real boys again with all the enthusiasm that youth carries. This explains the buoyancy of the organization and the success they have in getting hold of boys. The work in the Boston club for the past year was in charge of Frank A. Countway, vice-president of the organization. He has given his executive and business genius that built up the Lever Brothers business full play in the work. The report of the Great Idea Committee on their work was altogether most impressive. It revealed that the same genius that had built one of the best known industrial and business organizations in the country had a hand in directing the Great Idea Committee. If there is anything Frank A. Countway knows, it is the human equation. His dealings with his own organization was reflected in the splendid achievement of the work with boys. The Rotarians have given an impetus to the understanding that first of all men are only grown up boys, and women are grown up girls. To conserve

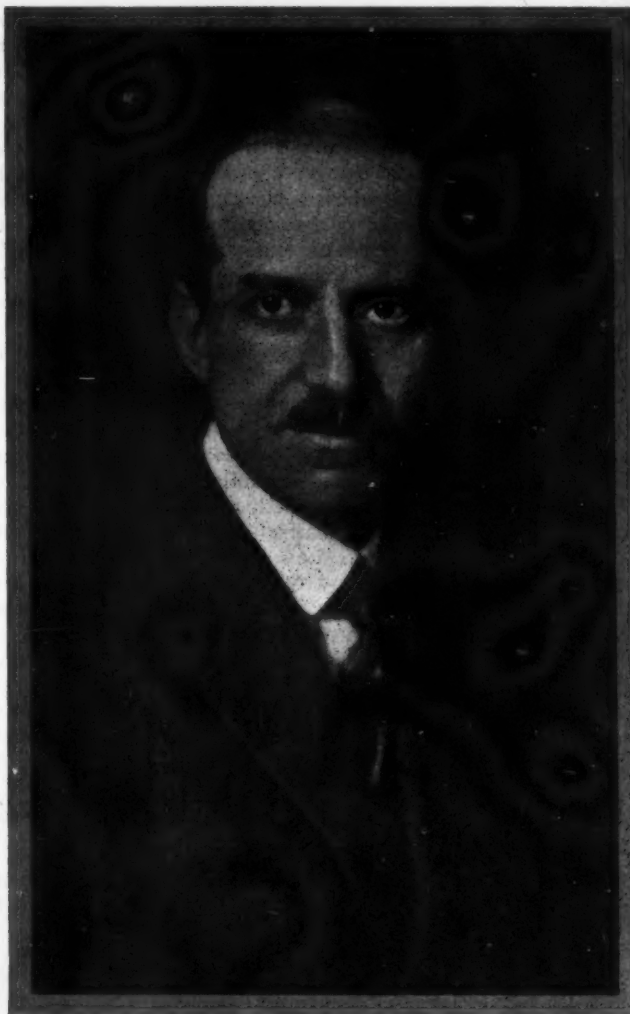


FRANK A. COUNTWAY
Vice-president of the Boston Rotary Club
President of Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Mass.

this enthusiasm and direct the energies of boys in the right direction makes for greater enjoyment of life in the being, giving that service to youth which is their rightful and just heritage.

* * * *

AMONG the American cartoonists none have ever had a record more consistent than Albert T. Reid, whose work is familiar to millions of readers of Republican newspapers. The cartoons that appeared before the campaign of 1920 opened seemed a presentment of what was to follow. His



ALBERT T. REID
All-American cartoonist

cartoon of General Democracy the Southern "Kuhnel," will become famous. One cartoon that left a deep impression is "Cabinet Meetings Resumed," where President Wilson saw his face mirrored in the other personages sitting around the table in attitudes of intense interest in what he himself was saying.

The genius of Albert T. Reid is best revealed in his clear conception of the shadow of events and further shadowing events to come. Where he has secured all the ideas represented in his book of cartoons, which is already a book pretentious in size to a dictionary, is a mystery to his closest friends and associates. Everyone who meets him or drops in his office seems to contribute to his work indirectly. A chance remark or an expression in talking, or a scene in the street, in the theatre—the active brain is ever alert and at work.

The cartoons are not confined to any particular scene or setting, but encompass the widest range of activity. For instance, the cartoon "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," representing Miss Democracy sitting at a piano, in tears, with extravagant sashes labeled "Recklessness," "Waste," and "Extravagance." The songs "He Kept Us Out of War," "Watchfully Waiting," and "Open Covenants Openly Arrived At" lie unopened before her, while the grand piano furnished by Bunk Company is as silent as a tomb, and only the wails of Democracy are heard instead of the melodies sung so gleefully these eight years past.

The cartoons are cohesive and have a continuity that reflects almost every shade of public thought and opinion during these memorable days before and after the campaign opened. Little wonder is it that Albert T. Reid is considered the "Father of

Where Boys Rule

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said, "The Boys' Brotherhood Republic is the heart of America's boyhood." In these words of the great American we find most fully expressed the underlying idea that animates the activities of this unique boy-governed republic.

Some years ago a boy who had known no home except a public institution, found that it was to be his home no longer. He was sixteen years of age and "old enough to take care of himself," so the authorities said, and with the gift of fifty cents in his pocket and a ticket to Chicago he was launched upon a strange world.

Strange it seemed, indeed, as the train deposited him in the big and bustling city. He knew nobody; he had not the faintest idea how one went about to secure work, where one lived on fifty cents, what to do or where to go. Just sixteen years old!

His is a long story and only he can tell it, but he slept upon doorsteps and went hungry and desperate and forlorn, and through all his misery and hunger and privation there stirred a wonder that the world did this with its boys—boys who wanted to be good. And out of that wonder grew a dim resolution that when he was a man he would see that boys had a better chance.

Over on the West Side, and over near the Stock Yards of Chicago, and over on the Northwest Side, are three buildings which are the outgrowth of that resolution. For Jack Robbins, the boy of the doorsteps and the hard knocks and the friendless days, grew to be a man, gathered about him the boys who found street corners the only place to meet, who formed themselves into gangs and got into mischief for want of healthful activities—and with these boys found at first a bare little meeting-place with the motto, "Wherever a boy is in trouble, we are in trouble;"

then as more and more boys came, found a larger place, until now these three overflowing buildings bear testimony nightly to how well Jack Robbins has realized his dreams.

Jack Robbins believes that there are very few, if any, bad boys; that there are only boys without opportunity for proper self-expression. With an innate love of order and a feeling

that a city ought to be a place where boys had something to say, the very first little group of boys that he brought together shortly resolved itself under his guidance into a miniature city. There was a mayor, a chief of police, a city council, and all the departments of an ordinary municipality.

This was the beginning of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, and out of the first little group have grown in Chicago three flourishing "cities," numbering each two hundred and fifty citizens, while other communities have sent representatives to Chicago to learn how to start similar "cities" for their youth.

The principle of these little cities is self-government, and the working of that principle makes fine, responsible citizens of irresponsible neighborhood gangs. The boy who is out of a job can find one through the Boys' Brotherhood Republic; the boy in trouble can find friends and counsel and a new start



These two boys—Senator Hamilton (left) and Prosecuting Attorney Mack (right)—just returned from a trip around the country, covering seven thousand miles, preaching a fair chance for chanceless boys, spoke in twenty-seven cities and organized five Boys' Brotherhood Republic cities

in life; the boy who has just been discharged from an institution can find a place to stay while he looks about him, friends to help, clothes to wear, and finally a job. For while the Boys' Brotherhood Republic is a meeting-place for boys, not a permanent home, there is always a dormitory for emergency cases.

The Boys' Brotherhood Republic is governed according to a



Institutional Committee of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic. These four boys form the committee that meets boys released from "reform" schools and makes Boys' Brotherhood Republic citizens out of them

municipal form of government. It has a Mayor, City Council, City Clerk, City Treasurer, Chief of Police, State's Attorney and its various departments and committees, such as the Board of Education, Board of Health, Employment Department, Investigating Committee, Police Staff, etc.

As in the city the mayor is the chief executive, is chairman of the council meetings, vetoes or passes laws that have been passed by the city council and performs the other duties of a mayor and chief executive. The city clerk keeps the minutes of the meetings, keeps the corporate seal and attends to all correspondence incidental with the affairs of the Republic. The city treasurer has charge of the financial affairs, signs checks and takes general charge of the financial end. The city council is the law-making body of the Republic.

Chief of Police is in charge of the law and order of the Republic, investigates conditions in poolrooms as to minors playing there, looks for slot machines in candy stores, and reports all violations of city laws to the police of the city, and in a general way co-operates with him. The city judge hears all cases of dispute between the citizens and the Republic and passes on them. The state's attorney represents the Republic in all legal matters. The business manager executes all business deals in behalf of the Republic.

The different committees and departments in the Republic do practically the same work as in the city, but on a smaller scale. The citizens (members) pay taxes and the taxpayers are the rulers of the organization.

In this way the citizens of the Republic grow up into prominent and successful citizens of the City of Chicago (or any other city). They are not told how to govern a city, they are not shown how to govern a city; they actually govern it and they do it better and more seriously than most citizens of the city.

The responsible head of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic are not reformers. They do not stand to reform anybody. That is not the purpose of the organization. Of course, they

help boys that are in trouble. They give them a proper chance to make good.

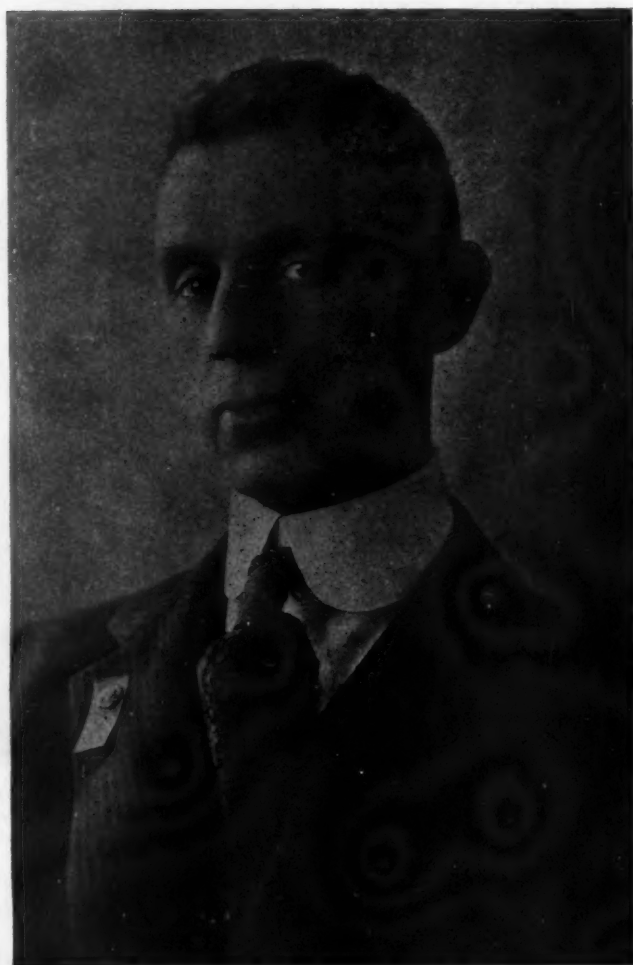
But the main purpose of the organization is to do preventative work, to prevent boys from getting into trouble. They go down into the bottom of things, to find the causes of boys going wrong and remedy these causes. They remove the causes for a boy going wrong.

They maintain that lack of clothes, a position, money and encouragement cause a boy to commit some sort of crime. They maintain that a few words of encouragement will go a longer way towards helping a boy than five dollars given in charity. They supply the boy with these needs, these necessities. They give boys a fresh start in life. If the boy has had bad companions, bad environment or bad ideas, they remove them. They take him from these bad companions and make him a member of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic. They take him from bad environments and surroundings and place him in a good home. They give him the opportunity of supporting himself, encourage him to go to evening school, help him to start a bank account, and he does the rest.

Therefore, they are not reformers, they are preventative workers. They get a boy when he is discharged from an orphan home or reform school and start him right. That is all that is necessary.

When they abolished the finger-print system for boys they prevented boys from going wrong. They prevented the city from branding a boy for life. They prevented the city from branding boys as criminals.

Neither race nor creed nor color nor politics has anything to do with Brotherhood as the boys (Continued on page 238)



JACK ROBBINS

Founder and supervisor of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic

The United States National Botanic Garden

By WILL P. KENNEDY



THE United States National Botanic Garden, which nestles at the foot of Capitol Hill, and which has spread a knowledge and love of plants throughout the states of the Union, was one hundred years old on May 8th. The garden comes directly under the jurisdiction of Congress through the joint congressional committee on the library, and so Director George W. Hess co-operated with Congress for observance of the centennial.

The location of the garden, practically within the Capitol grounds and in the very foreground of the beautiful vista from the Capitol plaza looking toward the White House and the Washington Monument, is appreciated by hundreds of thousands of visitors to the national capital each year. The garden, which only a few years ago was little better than a dump, is now one of the beauty spots of Washington, and a constant source of delight to tourists and residents, and especially to members of Congress, who spend many hours walking about the garden in relaxation after strenuous legislative duties.

The centennial celebration will probably mark a new era for the Botanic Garden, as it is proposed to extend it for several city squares toward the White House. This long-contemplated improvement, imperatively necessary on account of the cruel congestion in the one large exhibition conservatory, has been delayed on account of controversy as to the desirability of removing the garden. The Fine Arts Commission has been insistent that the garden should be removed. The desirability of carrying it out to Rock Creek Park has been extensively debated. The latest project was to take it to Mount Hamilton on the road to Baltimore.

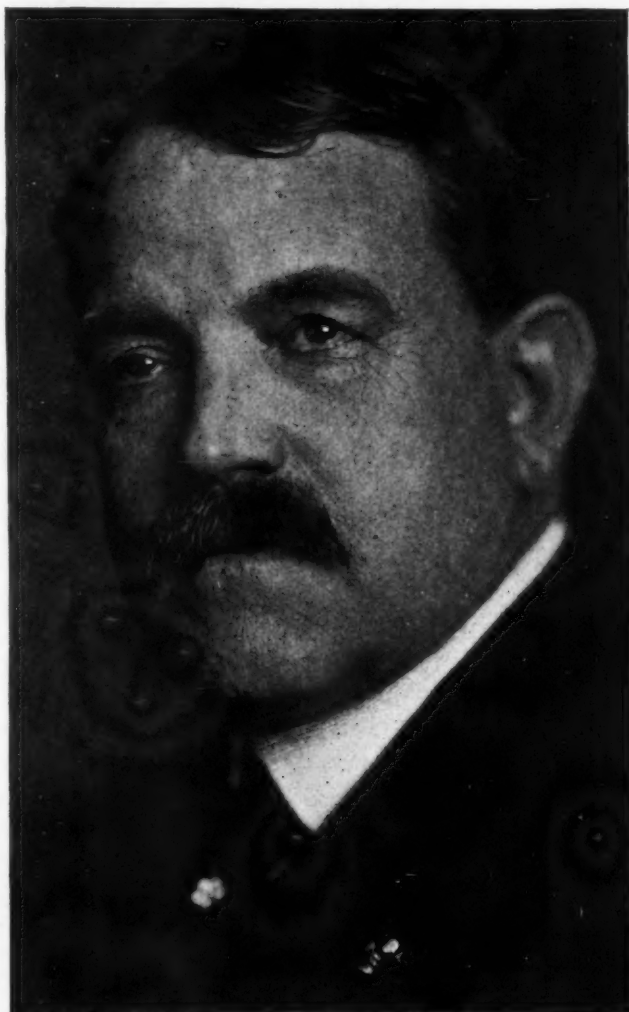
Members of Congress, however, have just as stubbornly opposed removal of the garden from its present location because personally they enjoy it just where it is, and because they realize that many hundreds of their constituents will visit it in its present site each year who would never see it if removed to some outlying tract.

Leaders among the Republicans and the Democrats alike in Congress are in favor of extending the area of the garden and making it the finest in the world, and an æsthetic as well as utilitarian and educational branch of the government. Members of the House and Senate Committees on the Library and other leaders have been in conference with Director Hess looking to a great broadening of the scope and influence of the garden.

On account of the great improvements made in the Botanic Garden during the last few years under the direction of Mr. Hess, the members of Congress have come to take a far greater interest in the garden than ever heretofore, and are desirous of seeing it developed as a model for all the world.

A plan has been outlined, in appreciation of the growing interest in botanic gardens throughout the country, whereby the United States would establish and maintain botanic gardens with the parent garden right where it is under the shadow of the Capitol, which should rival the great Kew gardens of London and outclass the great gardens at Rome, Geneva and Paris and those that skirt Berlin and Munich. It is appreciated that these great foreign gardens have been of the utmost scientific value to their respective nations as well as beauty spots.

The value of such gardens from the three standpoints—social, educational and scientific—have been considered at length. Preliminary to such a program, it is the intention of Director Hess to make the garden of increasing value to all the state institutions and schools co-operating by propagating



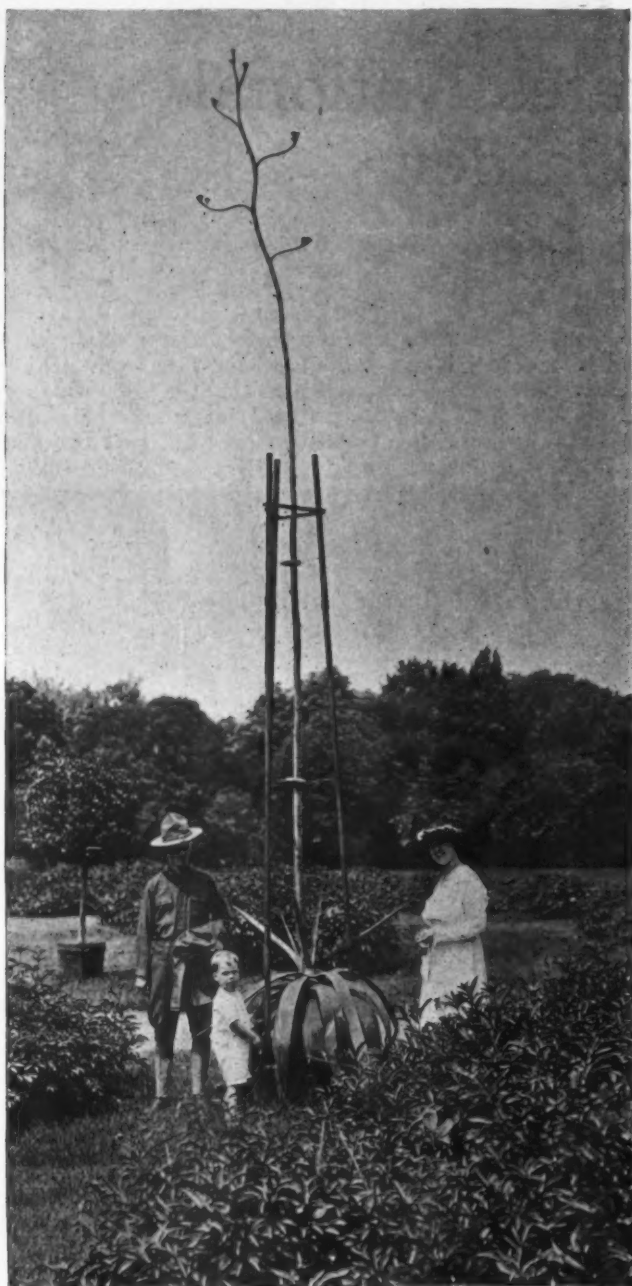
Copyright, Harris & Ewing

GEORGE WESLEY HESS

Director of the United States National Botanic Garden, Washington

there and systematically and scientifically grouping every form of plant life that can be made to grow in this climate or in a forced hot-house atmosphere.

One of the first steps to develop the educational facilities, Director Hess has had in mind for some time. He intends to make it an adjunct to the present public school system. This would include exhibits of useful plants, of medicinal and drug plants, of plants used in manufacturing, of food plants, etc. These exhibits would show the growing plant and the product



A century plant in the United States National Botanic Garden, about to bloom, as it appeared on June 5th

finished in manufacture. A master exhibit would be installed in Washington and traveling exhibits would be loaned to schools throughout the country. This is but one of the many ways in which the garden can be made to serve a valuable purpose that Director Hess has in mind.

Heretofore Congress has been parsimonious with the Botanic Garden, and it has been one of the most neglected branches of the government activities. But with his heart in the work of making it a real garden, Director Hess has gradually improved it, aroused the interest of prominent members of Congress, and has won the confidence of the leaders so that they are ready to support him in his plans for extensive development. Director Hess has declined three tempting offers, in order to remain in Washington and carry out the plans of Congress for enlarging the garden and broadening its influence.

It was as long ago as May 9, 1820, that the use of five acres of land was granted by Congress for a botanical garden, and four years later, on May 26, 1824, the area of this grant was extended.

Authoritative account of the early dates of the Botanic Garden has been made by Richard Rathbun, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, who is in charge of the United States National Museum, in a bulletin regarding the Columbian Institute for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences, a Washington Society of 1816-1883, which established a museum and botanic garden under government patronage.

A botanic garden was among the first projects considered by President Washington for the Federal city, and he discussed its location with the commissioners of the Federal district. The site then proposed was used subsequently for the Naval Observatory, and is now occupied by the hygienic laboratory of the public health service. Away back in 1801, a writer in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE described in detail the proposed development of fifty acres for a botanic garden with five distinct branches.

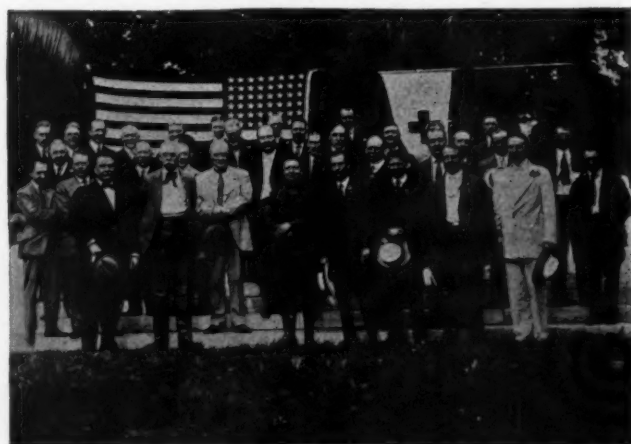
EARLY HOMES OF GARDEN

Under the act of Congress of May 8, 1820, the Botanic Garden was started on the city square between 7th and 9th and F. and G streets, where the Patent Office now stands. Here the greenhouses for the living plants brought to the United States by the exploring expedition to the southern hemisphere, 1838-42, commanded by Capt. (late Rear Admiral) Charles Wilkes, were first located. Some of those plants are still living and many of the plants in the present garden are descendants of those brought to this country by the Wilkes expedition.

During the latter part of 1820 and the early summer of 1821, the present site of the Botanic Garden was prepared under authority from the President.

As early as January 21, 1829, Charles Bulfinch, architect of the Capitol, recommended to the House committee on public buildings and grounds, the improvement of grounds directly west of the Capitol, including the site of the present gardens, which comprise ten acres.

From the earliest days of the National Capital, the Botanic Garden has been an important institution. It is now co-operating with State institutions, with colleges and universities. Through the members of Congress, these gardens distribute various plants throughout the states as the founders of the garden proposed to do. There has been collected a very valuable museum of plant life, including every known plant that can be induced to grow in this climate.



Meeting of the American Rose Society and Red Cross in the United States National Botanic Garden

The Botanic Garden is a constant source of delight to visitors to the capital and especially to the thousands of school children who come in large groups to see the wheels of government go round.

The main conservatory was commenced in 1867 from designs by the architect of the Capitol. The feature of the garden is the famous Bartholdi fountain, the only memento in Washing-

ton of the centennial celebration in Philadelphia. The fountain was purchased by Congress in 1876. The basin is ninety-three feet in diameter, and throws a stream to an altitude of sixty-five feet. There is also a large stone vase brought from St. Augustine, Florida, and taken from the first house built in the present United States.

MANY HISTORIC TREES

The garden contains many historic trees, including one planted by Abraham Lincoln. The botanical collection received some valuable contributions from the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan. An old date palm in the conservatory, which has repeatedly thrust its head through the skylights, was planted before the Civil War.

The office of superintendent was created in 1850 and the first incumbent was W. D. Breckenridge, who had been horticulturist and botanist to the Wilkes expedition. He served two years and was succeeded by William R. Smith, a devoted friend and admirer of "Bobby" Burns. Mr. Smith was superintendent for sixty years. Charles Leslie Reynolds was superintendent 1912-13, and George Wesley Hess, formerly connected with the Boston public gardens, and who has spent his entire life in the profession, has been in charge for the last seven years. His title has been changed to "director," and he is an officer in all of the horticultural, florists, gardeners, and parks superintendents' organizations throughout the country. He is also an honorary member of several international horticultural societies.

The Botanic Garden is now under the jurisdiction of the joint congressional committee of the library, of which Senator Brandegee of Connecticut is chairman.

The design of the projectors of the national city contemplated the location of a botanic garden upon one of the extensive reservations set apart for public use. In 1798 there was considerable discussion as to its location. A deputation waited upon the commissioners of the city and urged that it be developed on the south park of the President's grounds, but as the object was the enjoyment of the public, it was seen fit to establish it in its present desirable situation near the Capitol, where it is easy of access for all visitors.

OVERFLOW FROM THE POTOMAC

In the days when that site was selected it was far from the beauty spot it is today. The Tiber flowed across one end of it,

and most of it was low and marshy and exposed to the ebb and flow of the tides of the Potomac. There is a tradition that this was the early execution grounds of the city and that no less than five criminals were hanged there.

In 1822 the Botanical Society of Washington was incorporated by Congress. The society, prior to its incorporation, through the individual efforts of those interested in botanical researches and investigations in the District of Columbia, had prepared a full list of plants, and as early as 1817 had arranged them according to the Linnean classification and the more fashionable arrangement of Jussien.

Under the auspices of the society, the marshy portions were dredged and converted into a small lake, into which the tide continued to ebb and flow. After the society's discontinuance the garden was neglected and for some years became the depository of rubbish.

In 1850 the management was assigned to the joint committee of Congress on the library. The first buildings were then erected and the office of superintendent created. A systematic course of improvement has since developed the garden to one of the important educational branches of the government.

During the early days of the World War, when the importations from Germany were stopped, many American industries suffered for lack of dye materials previously imported from Germany. One of the great American benefactions from the war has been the establishment of a domestic dye industry, which the House has recently pledged itself to protect through the passage of a dye-tariff and licensing measure.

Yet an entire century earlier, on January 11, 1817, Dr. Cuthbush, the first president of the Columbian Institute, in an address in Congress Hall, in urging the establishment under government patronage of a museum and botanic garden, had said: "How many plants are there, native of our soil, possessed of peculiar virtues, which would supersede the necessity of importing those that are medicinal, or necessary for the operation of the dyer?" In that same speech he said: "Through the scientific citizens and foreigners who visit this metropolis, we may reasonably expect, not only valuable communications, but various seeds and plants; hence the necessity for a botanical garden, where they may be cultivated, and as they multiply, distributed to other parts of the Union. The numerous grasses, grains, medicinal plants, trees, etc., which are not indigenous to our country, should be carefully collected, cultivated and distributed to agriculturists."



View of the Bartholdi fountain, looking north from the main conservatory, United States National Botanic Garden

He's the "Daddy of the Bunch"

A Soldier with Seven Soldier Sons

The boys of General Willis J. Hulings, U.S.A., during the Spanish-American and World Wars served in the army, the navy, the aviation, submarine and munition corps, while mother and three daughters served at home

By M. W. RICHARDS



YOU are the greatest father in the whole United States," wrote a young and enthusiastic soldier whom General Willis J. Hulings, member of Congress from the 28th Pennsylvania District, had befriended during some war-time emergency. "You had one son in command on the sea; one son in command under the sea; one son in command on the earth; one son in command in the air; one son serving as expert in high explosives; one son rejected on account of wounds received in the Spanish War, and still another son

with the query—"Isn't it enough to be daddy to that bunch?" Think of it! Five sons in active overseas military service at the same time; the sixth held back on account of wounds received in the Spanish War; the seventh kept from France to serve in the United States as an expert chemist in high explosives. And as if that is not enough military glory for any one family, General Hulings, who talked but little of his own achievements, was a member of the Pennsylvania National Guard for thirty-six years; Colonel of the 16th Regiment Pennsylvania National Guard twenty-two years, and its commander during the Spanish American War. He was promoted to brigadier general for meritorious conduct in action, thus crowning a military career which begun way back in 1876 when he enlisted as a private in the Pennsylvania National Guard, later filling all grades from private to major general of that organization.

Here is the war-time military record of the father and seven sons of that remarkable family:

In the Spanish-American War: Father, Brigadier General Willis J. Hulings. Son, Marcus, wounded.

In the World War just ended:

Sons: Major Courtland M., infantry; Captain Joseph S., captain of the great transport *Westland*; Lieutenant Norman McD., Aviation Service; Lieutenant Commander Garnet S., Submarine Service; Captain George S., Transport Service; Willis J., Jr., rejected for overseas service to be held in the United States as expert on high explosives; Marcus, rejected on account of Spanish War wounds. Courtland, who went over as a private came back with a citation and the rank of major.

As the sons became of suitable age, the General promptly entered them in his beloved National Guard. They were taught by him to fight for all they were worth when need be, but in time of peace reverence for home and uprightness in the business world came first.

True to their teaching, the Hulings boys fought like tigers during the war, but when demobilization came, returned at once to business life, except Garnet, who remains in the Navy.

An instance of the wonderful family devotion which marks the Hulings was shown some years ago, when temporary financial reverses threatened the General, who by profession is both a civil engineer and a lawyer, but whose operations in oil lands and mining have sometimes led Dame Fortune a lively chase. Courtland and Norman were in college, Courtland a year or so in advance, when they learned of the impending trouble. Courtland at once wrote his father, "I know you can't now afford to keep us both here, so I am going home and go to work. Norman is younger than I, and we must see to it that he has the chance to get an education." The same mail brought the General a letter from Norman saying, "I am going right home and go to work. Courtland is older than I and has made such a splendid start that we must see to it he can keep on here." Each begged the father not to let the other boy know of the letter. But the crisis was bridged over, and both boys finished the course. It is safe to say, however, that no promotion or citation his own war services may have brought the General is as highly prized as those two letters, showing the intense and unselfish devotion to him, and to each other.

"Playing soldier" was General Hulings' (Continued on page 238)



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIS J. HULINGS
Member of Congress from Pennsylvania and "Daddy of the Bunch"
on the opposite page

in the Navy. And besides that, all we fellows here think of you as a second daddy to us all!"

And when asked to point out some of the high lights of his own career, General Hulings, father of that splendid septette, and with an enviable war record of his own, modestly countered

(At left)
MAJOR COURTLAND
M. HULINGS
312th Regiment, A. E. F.

(At right)
LIEUTENANT
NORMAN McD.
HULINGS
Pilot, Aerial
Squadron, A. E. F.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH S. HULINGS (Below)
Commander U. S. Transport "Westland"

GARNET S. HULINGS (Below)
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy



"Lucky" Cox, the Texas Oil Wizard

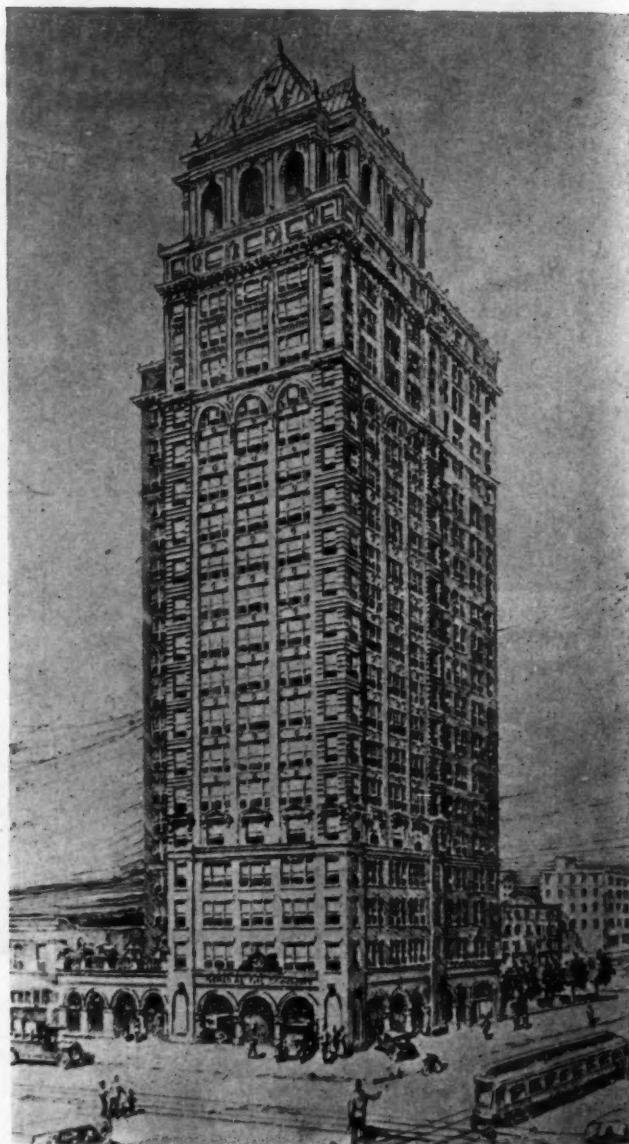


YEARS ago—not so many years ago at that—S. E. J. Cox was a picture salesman, and he sold so many pictures and picture frames that his factory had to enlarge the plant to take care of the orders. In ninety days he sold \$85,000 worth of pictures. Seymour Ernest J. Cox, president of the General Oil Company, and with the exception of Harry Sinclair the most notable success in the Texas oil fields, was born in Michigan thirty-five years ago. His first job was that of a bell-hop, and we have it



S. E. J. Cox

President of the General Oil Company, Houston, Texas, probably the most conspicuous success in the Texas oil fields. At thirty-five he is president of a twenty-million-dollar corporation, with seven thousand barrels daily production of oil, and employs 1,500 people. He landed in Houston two years ago with a raincoat and suit-case, and one of his first acts was to acquire some leases in the proven Texas fields



Home office building of the General Oil Company as it will appear when completed. This company and building will be a monument to the vision of S. E. J. Cox, whose successful operations in the Texas fields have won for him the title of "Lucky" Cox

on good authority that he was a good one. His next job was with the Illinois Moulding Company of Chicago, first in the factory and later on the road. Every Saturday night as he called for his pay envelope he would ask his boss to give him a job as a traveling salesman. He kept up this practice of making this request for six months, and finally one day his boss agreed to try young Cox out on the road—with the result above mentioned.

Cox came to Texas in 1917 to get acquainted with the oil

business. He had conducted a successful brokerage firm in Chicago, and more or less oil business was passing through his hands. Before advising his clients whether to buy or not buy, Cox wanted to be able to give them first-hand information.

After landing in Texas, one of Cox's first acts was to buy a large number of oil leases in the proven fields. He lived in the oil fields and underwent all the hardships and privations of the prospector. He studied the practical phases of oil development and became an expert driller. His knowledge of oil property and the possibilities of oil acreage is almost uncanny. His first lucky strike netted him two of the largest gushers ever brought in at Burkburnett, Texas; and to take care of the business the General Oil Company was organized with an authorized capital of \$20,000,000, one-half of which has already been subscribed for. In 1919 he paid his stockholders a cash dividend of 17 per cent; this year he has paid the stockholders a stock dividend equal to 900 per cent. The General Oil Company is now a live, solvent and going concern, and will soon have a steady production of 10,000 barrels a day if the prospects of the company are realized. Based on the present high price of oil, one can readily see what this means to the company. The present production is 7,000 barrels a day.

At the present time the General Oil Company utilizes an entire building of seven stories, where more than two hundred employees handle the business of the firm. When the company's new home office building is completed, it will have one of the largest and finest structures in Houston. The site for this building has already been purchased, and actual construction

will start as soon as the labor and supply markets get back to normal.

With the possible exception of Harry Sinclair and J. S. Cosden, Tulsa millionaires, Cox has made the most phenom-



Mr. and Mrs. S. E. J. Cox in their airplane, in which they make regular trips to the oil fields

enal success in the Southwest. People in the oil fields will tell you it is luck; Cox will tell you it is hard work. An impartial observer who makes a study of Mr. Cox and his methods will come to the conclusion that his success is due to concentration. When he organized the General Oil Company he established a rule that no officer should receive any profits until the company was on a dividend-paying basis. Cox does not care for money for money's sake. What he is intent on doing is building up one of the largest and most successful oil companies in the country, and if he keeps up his present gait, another year or two will see him well "over the top." Everybody who works for Cox will admit that he is the hardest worker connected with the General Oil Company. From early morning until late at night he will be found at his office when he is not in the oil fields personally supervising drilling operations. He dons his working clothes, and even many of his employees do not know of his presence. For all many of them know, he is simply a new driller added to the crew. He knows how to handle machinery and to stop the leaks of expense. He goes about his work quietly and without any megaphone attachments; and the only noise he ever makes is when he attempts an airplane trip to the oil fields. The distance from Houston to the North Texas fields is approximately five hundred miles, and Cox makes the trip in less than four hours.

Personally Cox does not take any credit for his success for bringing in 7,000-barrel gushers, or for organizing the General Oil Company; this, he says, all belongs to Mrs. Cox, a little dynamic woman of rare charm and personality. But be that as it may, S. E. J. Cox is the most potential figure in the Texas oil fields, and has a list of achievements to his credit unequalled in the history of oil.

In less than two years' time Cox has built up one of the largest organizations in his home city of Houston, his company giving employment to hundreds of people. He has contributed his part to the work and wealth of the world by creating values where they did not exist before. Not a bad record for a man of thirty-five who started in life as a bell-hop.



Group of the "Cox" children. With only one child himself, Mr. Cox's hobby is adopting and educating unfortunate children. During the past year he has adopted and started on the high-road to success twenty-five deserving boys

Joe Lincoln's story—

"Shavings"

Evokes smiles and tears from blasé metropolitan theatre-goers as this simple Cape Cod story is presented by Henry W. Savage at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York



GROUP of "just home folks" gathered in the lobby of a theatre on Broadway. It was not necessary to read the flashing electric sign overhead to denote the character of the play. It could be determined without glancing at the picture that another great home play had arrived.

When Joe Lincoln, poet, novelist and native Cape Codder, began writing verse about home folks, he got into hot water, but a new cast of characters had arrived. Joe Lincoln's poetry was copied widely, and he was criticized for describing the characters too literally. Lincoln took his pen boldly in hand and began writing short stories and then novels, keeping very near the Cape Cod shore line, and keeping an eye on the life buoys along the shore. His vacations were one exhilarating pastime of explaining to neighbors and friends that they were not by any means the characters indicated in his various stories. He called them literary composites and figments of his imagination.

With the breezes of the Atlantic sweeping his brow, Joe Lincoln works in summer like a harvest hand. He writes and rewrites paragraphs day by day as the story proceeds, and the completed yarn evolves on a system of keeping his literary entries completed day by day.

It was natural that Mr. Henry W. Savage, with his penchant for material distinctively American, should be the producer to thoroughly understand how to bring out a distinctively American production. With the same enthusiasm that has made the name of Henry W. Savage distinctive in theatrical productions, Mr. Savage proceeded in his alert way to bring out

the play "Shavings," based on Joe Lincoln's novel, with a thoroughness that carried conviction of a long and enduring run. The blasé first-nighter and the satiated New York theatre-goer were there with the home folks that night, and the verdict



Clara Moores and Harry Beresford in "Shavings" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York

Lillian Roth in "Shavings"

was on their faces as they came out facing the glare of Broadway. Eyes half dried of tears gleamed from happy faces. "Shavings" will live longer in the memory of folks than any play that has been produced in New York within a decade. It has the endearing qualities that make dark days endurable and the sunny days even more enjoyable, for it runs the gamut of wholesome emotion.

Uncle Jed, the village nut or crank, soon wins the love of the audience as he does the little girl in the play. His shop is a treasure trove of his Yankee genius. He makes windmills and animals and other things that children love to play with. His devotion to an invalid mother kept Jed at home when all the other boys went off for an "edification." His toy confidant was the prophet Isaiah, who, with whirling arms, would indicate as the ancient Delphic oracle, answers to his queries.

The returned doughboy, finding himself hopelessly crippled, generously gives up his sweetheart, while the family feud rages. The village gossip is there and every phase of Cape Cod life is touched upon in the bright lines of characters portrayed.

When Uncle Jed sings in quavering voice "Pull for the Shore," and later is suddenly kissed by a woman in an emotion of gratitude, Uncle Jed promptly goes over and gilds the Prophet Isaiah, feeling that the supreme joy of his life has come—and then the shadow. He was only an uncle, only playing a part in the life of the woman he loved.

Every scene scintillates with keen Yankee humor, and every situation quivers with dynamic interest. When the whirling windmills are set in motion, one can feel the thrill when, as a child, you saw that little toy really "go." It brought to mind

a vision of these old windmills on Cape Cod, and the tang of the sea-salt air comes sweeping in upon the audience.

The "shavings" in the shop of Uncle Jed are forgotten as that shop develops into a temple of love and self-sacrifice. The simplicity of the setting reveals Uncle Jed's character, which will live in American drama. The well balanced and symmetrical cast of characters seem to be welded together with the comrade and community spirit of Cape Cod folks. One cannot resist the impulse to prophesy that "Shavings" will live far beyond the time suggested in the title. It is good. It is a wholesome play. You feel better when you have seen it and you never will forget it. What more can be said about a play?

Governor Savage, on his yacht, or in his Cape Cod home near Marshfield, where lived Daniel Webster in his days of greatness, may well greet his friends with a smile of satisfaction in the summer days. He has perpetuated in a loving, tender and wholesome play the thought, impulse and sturdy idealism of Cape Cod folks—a refreshing relief in these strident times from the jag and jazz plays. The soothing, sweet memories and influence that will ever be associated with Joe Lincoln's "Shavings" showered on the stage under the pitiless spotlight in a real heart-glow, will mark the beginning of another epoch of heart plays, that have kept the productions of "Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," and "Way Down East" historic events.

In the three hundredth anniversary year of the Landing of the Pilgrims Fathers, the sand dunes of Cape Cod have been glorified in a play that promises to live, inspire and endure with the rock on which the forefathers landed.

Lorraine Harding Talks Turkey

Continued from page 209

statement word for word. But I've repeated it just as she said it. Because I remember it. It struck me as one of the most logical and forceful utterances that ever came from the mouth of a motion-picture star.

"I believe you really *love* motion-picture work," I said.

And Lorraine Harding replied, "I do. Ever since I can remember I have always liked motion pictures. At home in Tennessee I watched for them, studied them and dreamed about them. To me, the motion picture is the most wonderful thing in the world. And there is but one person in this world that I can't understand. To be real frank, I mean to say that there is just one type of person that I don't like."

"And what is that, Miss Harding?"

"That is the type of person who makes a specialty of everlastingly finding fault with motion pictures, condemning them, picking out their weaknesses, expressing himself as entirely out of sympathy with them—and then winding up his remarks by saying, 'But you know I never go to see one but twice a year—they're so disgusting.'"

If there were nothing else about Lorraine Harding to make me like her, the foregoing paragraph would be quite enough. How often have all of us met just such persons—those who know what's wrong with motion pictures; those who flout their mistakes, ridicule their entertainment qualities, sneer at their good intent, and then wind up by stating that they *never* go to see a movie. Perhaps I've had the misfortune of meeting more than my share of just such persons. Thank goodness that there are enough honest people in the world to admit their dislikes! But please spare me from the chronic movie grouch who derives his justification to kick about movies by virtue of the fact that he sees only two a year. It's not entirely unexpected, though. The person who sees only two movies per year couldn't be expected to be exactly normal.

"I'm not going to ask you about personal likes and dislikes, Miss Harding," I said.

"Oh," she replied, "you must. I've made a bet that you are going to talk to me about pickles, hard-boiled eggs and bon-bons, just as you did with Constance Talmadge. You know, I couldn't be a real movie-star without being interviewed about such things."

Know Her?



"It's" Norma Talmadge at the Age of Twenty-Seven Months

WATCH FOR
Goldye Miriam's
Interview With
Norma Talmadge
IN
Next Month's NATIONAL

And she smiled very sweetly.

We didn't talk about "such things." We spent the rest of the hour chatting about "Annabel Lee" and how Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem would be picturized, and the nature of Miss Harding's role.

It was following that chat that I discovered that a motion-picture actress can be a star without discussing hard-boiled eggs and Dill pickles with girl interviewers.

Ben Grauer's Sweetheart

Continued from page 212

possible to tell that he was a full-blooded American boy, because his wig took all the Americanism out of his appearance. And though his body was shiny, most people thought it was on account of perspiration." Ben became quite popular with Mr. Griffith, who on one occasion said:

"Your originality is dandy, Ben. But you are a little too dramatic. Remember that you are supposed to be a little savage, awkward and not one bit graceful, and not possessing any manners whatever—and whatever manners you have are supposed to be bad ones. Some day you are going to play 'Hamlet,' Ben, but not in 'The Idol Dancer.'"

Master Grauer wore his tan-colored disguise until six o'clock or later every evening. By the time Mr. Griffith has termed the day's work as completed, and Ben was ready to attire himself in the garb of civilization, the mixture of brown powder-paint and oil had become well stuck to his body.

"It required three cakes of soap each evening for me to get Ben clean," said Mrs. Grauer. "If making a white boy out of a savage was such a job, even from the surface, what a task it must be when a mental process is involved. Yes, I do believe that this was the hardest part Ben ever had in his life."

"Yes, but—I'd—gladly—go—all—through—it—again—if—Miss—Seymour—would—be—with us," spoke up the lad.

"I saw a tear in his eye as he mentioned Miss Seymour."

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

AGAIN KYNE BATS 300

Doubtless Peter B. Kyne could write an insipid, uninteresting tale about commonplace people if he really tried, but doubtless he will never try. Certainly the author of that classic of the Redwoods, "The Valley of the Giants," and creator of the lovable old business buccaneer "Cappy Ricks," has presented his admiring readers with an evening of solid enjoyment in the perusal of his latest offering, "Kindred of the Dust."*

To say there is not a dull word in the whole three hundred and seventy-six pages of the book



PETER B. KYNE

Late captain of Field Artillery U. S. A.
and the little French boy he adopted

is too faint praise. Kyne somehow steers clear of any obvious effect of "padding." His readers read every word he pens, because every word is worth reading. His characters are understandable; they have the quality of humanness, and

*"Kindred of the Dust." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. \$1.75.



"NAN OF THE SAWDUST PILE"

From a painting by Dean Cornwell of the appealing heroine of Peter B. Kyne's latest novel, "Kindred of the Dust," which has just been issued by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

one is compelled to love them even for their faults.

In "Kindred of the Dust" three notable personalities stand forth clearly portrayed—those of old Hector McKaye, Laird of Tyee, the hard-fisted, hard-headed Scot, who drives his way irresistibly from lumberjack to millionaire lumber king, and hides a heart filled with human kindness and understanding behind a dour exterior. Donald McKaye, the young Laird, a straight-grained chip of the old block, who looks the world and the world's opinion fearlessly in the eye and follows the dictates of his heart and chivalrous manhood when he marries "Nan of the Sawdust Pile," the outcast of Port Agnew, and adopts her fatherless child. The latter character, the third notable personality of the story, wins and holds the reader's sympathy and respect throughout the tale as eventually she wins the sympathy and respect of the sternly upright old Laird.

"Dirty Dan" O'Leary, who fights for the pure love of combat, and Andrew Daney, staid manager of the old Laird's great business interests, who rises to great heights of picturesque profanity when his soul is shaken by a cosmic cataclysm, also engage the reader's profound interest throughout their variegated and troublous careers.

Mr. Kyne works upon a large canvas, and his characters stand forth boldly. Their frailties and their virtues alike are human and call for human love and understanding.

A TALE OF REINCARNATION

When bad luck reaches a climax and Old Man Trouble perches on your shoulder and gives evidence of wanting to stay, then is the time to take a header into a new personality.

Mr. Horatio Slipaway did that little thing, and "The Nut Cracker"* tells how he did it. Mr. Slipaway was a poorly-paid clerk in a New York brokerage office. His wife was afflicted with a New England conscience, unpaid bills pressed him, and a pale passionate siren tormented him. How he cast off all these troubles and drawbacks and became "Mr. William Carter" could be told convincingly only by the man who wrote "Nothing but the Truth."

One suspects that under Mr. Slipaway's commonplace exterior there lurked the germ of his trionic talent; otherwise "Mr. William Carter" could not have sprung into life so successfully.

*"The Nut Cracker." The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.



FREDERICK S. ISHAM

Author of "The Nut Cracker"—The Bobbs-Merrill Company

How Horatio sidesteps his past, and Mrs. Horatio encroaches on the insurance money which is a sacred legacy from the departed saint, all enter into this highly amusing comedy.

ELEANOR H. PORTER'S LAST BOOK

So hard is it to realize that the beloved author of "The Road to Understanding," "Just David," "Pollyanna," and the long list of other delightful stories has laid down her winged pen for the last time, that the reader of "Mary Marie"* is inclined to linger over the quaint conceit of the dual personality of its heroine to the utmost—to prolong the pleasure of its reading to as many quiet evenings as possible. For once the story has been finished, one cannot indulge the lively anticipation of a sequel.

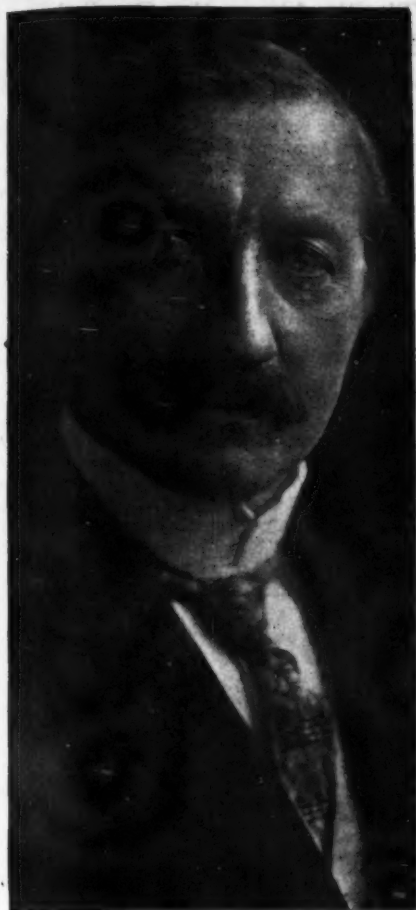
Though Mary Marie is a "cross-current and a contradiction," she could not be otherwise than a lovable character if she tried, because all of Mrs. Porter's characters are lovable and always human.

"Mary Marie" is more than a wholly readable story. It is a lesson in human understanding and humility, and teaches in a not too obvious way that the sacred ties of family life may not be lightly severed without far-reaching effects upon individual character. Only consummate skill of authorship, such as Mrs. Porter possessed, could straighten the "cross-currents" of Mary Marie's life, so that in the end they run true and deep and tranquil.

It is a deep satisfaction to the reader who lays down this book to feel that the gifted author's last work so well sustains the high level of finished artistry that she always displayed.

*"Mary Marie." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

COST ACCOUNTING, by J. Lee Nicholson (Ronald Press), is a thorough treatise on the science of cost accounting, with full explanation and illustrations.



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK
Noted Arctic Explorer and Geologist

THE Texas oil fields long ago demonstrated their productivity and possibilities. Of course no one knows for sure, but the successful oil men who have invested large sums in the Texas fields tell us that the industry is in its infancy. What with all the increased demands for oil, and a constantly rising market in the face of new uses for oil, it would seem that the so-called oil speculator has the edge on the situation. Propaganda against oil men and oil companies seems to be the order of the day, but much of it is inspired by sinister motives. A careful investigation of the industry will reveal that of the many companies organized, nearly all made good where experienced oil men were at the head of the companies. Following the discovery of oil in the new Texas fields, professional promoters imagined that by acquiring a few leases, limited production and new wells under contract, they were in the oil business. They did not take into consideration the fact that the big companies control the pipe lines, storage tanks and tank cars, and that the little fellow is at the mercy of the so-called interests.

But there are any number of independent companies that are making money. Dr. Fred A. Cook who, as far as the world will ever know, actually discovered the North Pole and carried Old Glory to the farthest point north, knows the oil industry from every angle. His company—the Texas Eagle—with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000 and with holdings all over the proven fields, has a fine chance to develop into a second Texas company, the success of which is oil history. Texas people like Dr. Cook and give him credit for being a man of unquestioned personal integrity and rare business judgment. Whatever may eventually come to him in the way of financial success he will certainly have

earned. He is one of the original pioneers in the oil business, as well as being one of our most daring and persistent explorers. He is also a scientist and lover of nature and is on intimate terms with many of her secrets.

The Texas Eagle has some production now, and in a fair way to have a great deal. More than seventy-five thousand acres are included in the company's holdings, which represent some of the choicest acreage to be had. The company will have its own refinery and reap the profit of the refined product. With proven acreage, production and a refinery, the company will have a strong advantage. Many of the other big companies started with far less in the way of actual or potential assets. There is nothing of the spectacular about Dr. Cook or any of his associates. He has much scientific attainment to his credit, and had he cared for money for money's sake alone, he could have amassed a fortune as a writer or lecturer. He is a quiet, methodical and sincere man, devoid of the spectacular and theatrical.



EUGENE SPITZ
Who puts the "Moves" in the "Movies"

WHEN a motion picture studio is mentioned in New York, the name of Eugene Spitz comes to mind, because Spitz is the word "Studio" personified when applied to film production. The picture industry has developed many experts, but Spitz is an all-round constructive genius, familiar with every detail that enters into a screen production—that is why "Studio" is a comprehensive word as applied to him.

New York City produces more pictures than any other one city in the world, and the Estees Studios, established by Spitz, are noted in this great picture metropolis. Here the Drew comedies, Hobart pictures, "Erstwhile Susan," and a long list of pictures of world-wide fame were produced.

To observe Spitz at his best, watch the little man with an eagle eye here and there, everywhere, knowing just what is needed for that one supreme moment when the "shooting" begins. He drives toward the objective, and many a producer has reason to be grateful for the genius of this quiet, quick-deciding man, who crystallizes ideas into screen visions. He transformed the old Turnverein Hall, a derelict of other days, into a model studio, as if by magic. He soon had this great hall, redolent with memories of convivial days, transformed into a birthplace of churches, cities, palaces, huts and even prairies of the West and deserts of the East.

"Heart Throbs" pictures were first made in

(Continued on page 236)



CLARENCE A. WORTHAM
Carnival King of the World

CLARENCE A. WORTHAM, the carnival king, has achieved his ambition—at least one ambition. He didn't particularly try to corner the carnival business, but his attractions have been of such a character that he made the carnival business respectable and placed it on a higher plane than the industry ever knew before. He deserved to succeed because he has made a substantial contribution to American outdoor amusements.

Mr. Wortham was born at Paris, Texas, thirty-seven years ago and still calls Paris home, although his business affairs are handled from the general offices of the four Wortham shows at Danville, Illinois. Four big shows represent quite a business affair, and more than fifteen hundred people are on the payroll. Wortham dabbled in several things before he finally found himself. He thought of becoming a baseball magnate and managed a few teams in Illinois and Oklahoma. Then he promoted and booked attractions on his own account. Along about this time an important event occurred—he was married to Miss LeBelle Snapp, June 30, 1903. The roller-skate craze had just struck the United States, and Wortham built a large pavilion at Danville. He encountered all the reverses, and then some, known to the amusement business. He played up and down the McKinley Inter-urban lines in Illinois, then begun playing the railroad towns. Seven years ago he and his partner, Tom Allen, dissolved their joint arrangement. About all he had to show for his efforts were some cars of sickly lions and a carload of Texas pecans—which he used as legal tender to pay off his workers; but since those uncertain days Wortham has added a new show to his organization and now he has four separate and

(Continued on page 236)

Eugene Spitz *Continued from page 235*
this studio. There never seemed to be an angle or process that escaped this little Napoleonic studio general, or a golden moment lost.

Mr. Eugene Spitz produced the famous War Relief Pictures and secured the co-operation of the eminent men of the country and the famous theatrical producers and actors. A wizard who knows how to turn the wheel from loss to profit, he stands on the bridge of his "studio ship" and steers through shoals and into safe havens.

If a title is needed, or even a scenario requires repairing, Spitz is on the job. He is at home with all of the personnel connected with motion picture activities. Whether it is entertaining Lord Leverhulme, or an East Side waif seeking a position, lords of the realm, or the roustabout seeking a job, Spitz always remains Spitz. Generous to a fault, he has a business prescience and instinct that keeps the camera grinding.

Still in the prime of life, there are great things for the great Spitz to do in the realm of filmdom. It is no wonder that his studios are sought by those who have expectations for the screen. He has seen his own work produced at the leading theatres on Broadway. As he marches by with his hands in his pockets, he looks up at the great

electric signs and notes with a smile of satisfaction that his work hits the bulleye with the movie fans, altho his name does not appear on the screen.

Though born in a foreign land, a more typical or patriotic American never lived, which was demonstrated in his War Pictures. He represents the genius of business as applied to motion picture studio operation of making pictures. He thinks quick, and operates a camera mind. There's not a detail in the operation that seems to escape his watchful and alert mind.

Clarence A. Wortham

(Continued from page 235)

distinct shows playing in different parts of the United States and Canada—the C. A. Wortham World Shows, Wortham Brothers Shows, The Great Alamo Shows and Clarence A. Wortham World Best Shows are the four organizations. Wortham owns his own cars—one hundred and twenty of them. In other words, Mr. Wortham has several hundred thousand dollars tied up in his various attractions. The Wortham shows spend the winter in San Antonio.

Thrills Above the Capitol Dome

Continued from page 204

was substantiated by one of the naval aids in the party who told the story.

After the big planes had performed their stunts and were unmistakably getting in formation for their return to Washington, the King looked up and inquired about them. When told they were homeward bound, a merry little twinkle came in his starboard eye, as he said: "Well, we could have flown back to Washington, couldn't we?" And that's the way I felt about the "Oriole."

I could have flown in it, but, being a little shy on life insurance, I didn't exactly crave the risk. Senator Smoot, of Utah, standing in this group of Senators toggled out for a ride, likewise takes no chances when it comes to flying. He won't "go up" because he is a Republican and he says there is a Democratic Governor in his state! Perhaps he was influenced in his decision by the fact, or rumor, that Senator Lodge, the Republican leader, during a recent important debate in Congress, wrote a special letter to the Bolling Field authorities, urging that the Republican majority in the Senate be not jeopardized by "taking up" two Republicans at one time.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant.
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago,
And now you refuse to go,
Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside,
You were my joy and pride,
A happy day.
I love thy gaudy hue,
The nice white tires so new.
But now you're down and through,
In every way.

To thee, old rattle-box,
Came many bumps and knocks,
For thee I grieve.
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn,
A whooping affects thy horn,
I do believe.

Thy motor has the grip,
Thy spark plug has the pip,
And woe is thine.
I, too, have suffered chills,
Ague and kindred ills,
Endeavoring to pay my bills,
Since thou wert mine.

—Hood Arrow.

WORK

Whether this world
Shall rise or fall,
Work is the answer
After all.

When all is said,
And all is through,
The world depends
On what we do.

—Detroit Free Press.

All things come to him who waits,
But here's a rule that's slicker:
The man who goes for what he wants
Will get it much the quicker.

—Service.

What You Will Be Tomorrow Depends Upon What You Do For Your Health Today--

**You Must Keep Your Blood Filled
With Iron to Stand the Strain of
Modern Day Life Says
Physician—Explains How**

**Nuxated Iron
Helps Build
Red Blood
Strength and Endurance**

Have you ever stopped to look yourself squarely in the face? Are you getting anywhere?—or just drifting—a little weaker, a little more nervous, a little more run-down every day? Nothing slips away so easily as HEALTH. Unless YOU hold fast to HEALTH by your own efforts—by keeping your blood pure, red and rich in iron—the day may come when all you can do is WISH you had acted sooner. Physicians explain below how to help make rich, red blood and increase strength, power and endurance, through the health-giving, strength-building power of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which is now being used by over four million people annually.

"Success is in the blood," says Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of the City of New York. "There are men whom fate can never keep down. They triumph over difficulties and ill-fortune because they have within them the never-failing source of courage, confidence and power—pure, red blood, rich in stamina-building iron. Where others hesitate and

stumble, these men march forward with a firm step and take the best prizes of life. Their brains are keenly alive, their bodies are fortified with the strength and energy that enables them to take and keep the best the world has to offer. But in the rush and tear of modern day life, many a man and woman neglects to keep their blood filled with strength-building iron, and as a result they find themselves on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown at a time when they should be enjoying their best years. In my opinion, physicians cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of keeping the blood pure and red with plenty of iron, and I believe, they should at every opportunity prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting upon the foregoing statement says: "Every keen, active successful man and woman of today recognizes that a sound, strong body is the basis of all real achievement and they leave

*Talk It Over
With Yourself*



no stone unturned to safeguard their health. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, but it utterly robs him of that virile force that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. I strongly advise every man who is fagged out by worry, work and other strains to build up his strength, energy and endurance by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for I consider it one of the foremost blood and body builders; the best to which I have ever had recourse."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

A MAN WHO HAS MADE DREAMS COME TRUE

How Mr. George W. White, a Texan, has earned for himself the title of "The Southwest's Best Business Man" in five years

By NORMAN W. RALSTON

FROM a small shoe store with a capital stock of \$3,500 to a chain organization of five stores and a capitalization of \$150,000—in only five years' time.

That one statement would spell "Success" for George W. White, of Fort Worth, Texas, who accomplished the above. That is, if Mr. White were an ordinary business man. But he is not, for a number of specific reasons. First, if he were an ordinary man, he would never have accomplished or built up the big shoe business in the

do not. Five years ago Mr. White had saved enough money to start a small shoe store with a capital stock of \$3,500 at Temple, Texas. It was a small beginning compared to the wonderful organization he has built up today. In the first year of its existence the little store did a business of \$19,000, which is the weekly goal of the present organization.

Then came the European war, and with it a continuous four-year drouth in Texas. People became poor in the state; banks would not loan very much money; it was a "hand-to-mouth" struggle for everyone, and business men especially suffered. The second year of the little store at Temple was brought to a close with a much greater volume of business than the first, in spite of all these trying conditions. Then a branch store was opened at Taylor, Texas, and then at Waco. In January, 1919, a great headquarters plant was established at Fort Worth, and in June of the same year another store was opened at Austin, the state capitol.

Today there is a chain of five stores, and Mr. White, once the boy dreamer and now president of this big organization, may sit back and contemplate with a satisfied air the work he has accomplished. But as I said before, he is not an ordinary man. And so he still continues to dream, and his dream is a large one. It embraces a large chain of stores thruout the Southwest.

How did Mr. White attain his wonderful success? Listen to what he has to say:

"It has been my dream," he said, "to so standardize and so operate that each executive, buyer, manager, keyman, and all men in my organization, after having proven themselves worthy, could be taken in and made a part of the business. I wanted to set aside a portion of the stock of the company for them, even though they didn't have a dollar to invest. That we have succeeded in accomplishing this is proven by the fact that stock set aside for two of our men five years

ago has now been paid for entirely by the dividends, and is now earning enough money that should these two men be stricken blind, the income from the stock would still insure them a good living."

And then Mr. White added what I think is the keynote of his entire plan. He said:

"To my mind a successful institution or organization means one that develops men and makes them successful and good American citizens."

And that latter is what has spelled "success" for Mr. White. It is his men—first, last and always—that he thinks about. He is constantly looking after their welfare, and the result is they are always ready and willing to give him their best. He has fostered co-operation and secured greater production with it. And these two qualities, he urges, are what makes success for business.

Mr. White believes that the ill of the world today is the lack of production and it has become his hobby to urge in every way he can that greater production in all lines of industry is the solution of the high cost of living problem. He believes that the co-operation of employer and employed will, in a great measure, secure this.



GEORGE W. WHITE

Head of the Famous White Shoe Houses of Texas

Lone Star State that he has. Secondly, because he is a man of—what shall we say?—principles, ideals, and, lastly, dreams.

And now just a short sketch of the early life of this man who has attained the reputation of being one of the biggest—and by the majority he is called the biggest—business man of the Southwest.

Fifteen years ago a young man started out to make his way in the world, just as thousands of other youths are today leaving their homes and home towns to seek broader fields of endeavor, thinking they will find in the great area outside of their one little wall, the "chance" that will make them rich and famous. But before Mr. White, the young man we are writing of, started out in this manner, he began to dream. He dreamed of a wonderful organization—a shoe organization—built on sound business principles. He dreamed he would be head of it. He kept on dreaming, but, meanwhile he began to master the little details of Better Business. It was truly an ethereal dream, but the young man mixed plenty of hard work and facts in with it, which is the reason so many dream bubbles burst—they do not have these qualities, or the dreamers

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Even on hot summer mornings it leaves you fresh and cool

THEY are here again—those hot, sticky summer mornings. Even before you go out into the warm streets, or begin the day's work, you feel tired and languid.

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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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Where Boys Rule

Continued from page 224

practice it. But most of the boys in the Chicago organization are children of the foreign-born and in large part, of the East Europe races. Many (if not most) come out of homes where the parents speak little or no English. They are boys of ardent idealism. The world about them is (putting it mildly) not very lovely. They want to make it better—the hot desire to do so is in their blood. Wrongly directed, that hot desire becomes a menace to all social institutions. Rightly directed, it becomes the hope of the world. There are hundreds of thousands of boys like these, on the eve of United States citizenship; hundreds of thousands of them on whose shoulders the industry of tomorrow must be borne, and through whose commands the social order of tomorrow will be immeasurably directed.

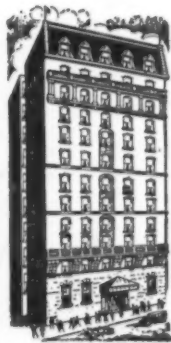
They are going to do something about everything that seems wrong to them. What they shall do depends on what "gets them" between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. The madness of East Europe may get them, and, through them, us. Or the sound Americanism of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic may get them and, through them, rear a safer, saner world for our self-occupied young folks to live in.

The tomorrows of our Democracy are very largely in the hands of these multitudinous youths. The attitude they take toward work, wages, government, social responsibility, human progress, will be the determining factor in all those things. They are the majority. We shall all dance as they pipe. That is Democracy.

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A Soldier With Seven Soldier Sons

Continued from page 228

greatest delight when a small boy. "Back in those days," said he, "we did not have the ready-made toy guns one can find anywhere now, so my father made me a little wooden gun as soon as I was big enough to tote it around. I used to strut up and down the street with that gun on my shoulder and a rooster's feather stuck in my hat, at the head of a crowd of youngsters, and I studied military tactics with my A B C's—and liked it much better. While still a mere kid I remember drilling a company of boys bigger than myself, and a little later those boys were fighting in the Civil War, while I had to content myself with marching up and down the street, with a wooden gun, leading a crowd of boys my own age, waving small flags."

General Hulings is a Republican and has been the political choice of his city and district many times. He was state Senator 1906-1910, and is now serving his second term in Congress. He is a fearless advocate of what he believes best for the country—and the district he represents.

General Hulings is a self-made man. It is something like this: His father was well-to-do, perhaps better off in this world's goods than that implies, and when young Hulings was only fifteen his father "tried him out" by letting him complete certain business transactions and ship oil to Pittsburg on his own account. That was in 1865. But a short time afterwards the Hulings oil well didn't spout, or something of that sort happened, and the family resources were at low ebb. Then young Willis left school and for three years hammered steel oil well derricks twelve hours a day.

Later on the time came when he could return to school, which he promptly did, and followed it up with a course in civil engineering, and was admitted to the practice of law.

General Hulings has two hobbies. One is military affairs, and the other wanting everybody to get a square deal. He was a pioneer in blazing the Square Deal Trail, and has never wobbled from it. It is the keynote of his entire political life, and his slogan is "A fair show and a fair deal for every one, whether rich or poor." He is strongly opposed to anything that savors of class legislation.

General Hulings will not talk much about himself. He prefers to tell about his own seven boys, and those many other boys whom he has helped in peace—or commanded in war—and who now regard him as "Daddy of the Whole Bunch."

SOME USES OF LEMONS

The lemon is not sufficiently appreciated from a hygienic standpoint; for instance:

Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains.

A dash of lemon juice in water is an excellent tooth wash; it removes tartar and sweetens the breath.

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AMID BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENTS

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American Composers' Programs

Continued from page 205

successfully established in Boston, where she is prominent in musical circles through her wide activity." Miss Siedoff soon won distinction as a teacher, for her work as a pianist was the real fruitage of her life studies. Through her instruction to others she developed a practical interpretation of piano playing. When Elizabeth Siedoff plays she seems to plumb the depths of the pianoforte. Her individuality reflects a musician with a wide range of tone-color and well-graded climaxes. "Each finger seems to denote its own personality," and whether it is the weird minor "The Indian Rhapsody," or Chopin's "Military Polonaise" or "Nocturne," or a Beethoven Sonata, every tone seems to have warmth and reality.

She has had repeated engagements in some of the most distinguished salons in this country. She has been the only artist engaged five successive seasons at the National American Festival, preparing each year a new set of American numbers. Publishers have sent her proof copies for an early reading of some of the American melodies. Manuscripts have been accepted for premier presentation. She has received autographed copies and letters from American composers expressing their appreciation of her powers of interpretation, of what she has done to stimulate composition, and to promote the cause of American music. She has been guest of honor at functions given by some of these composers, for her humanness and geniality has not permitted the success that has followed years of perseverance to turn her head.

Miss Siedoff loves Boston, her home center for returning to America, and friends gathering in her studio find the hours pass swiftly while listening to her varied and masterful comprehension of both the old and new things in musical literature. It was after one of these recitals on a rainy day that an eminent musical critic insisted that few pianists surpassed her in the lucid elaboration of a musical score, bringing theearer closer to the composer by discovering through her playing new beauty and new power in a selection often heard before. She brings out every subtle phrase with the touch of an artist and the virility of youth. She seems never to tire after hours of practicing or playing for her guests.

When absorbed in her playing she presents the picture of a musician glorified in her work. Her whole being seems to be thrown into the spirit of the artist eager to tell a story that cannot be expressed in words or color, but must

come in measured tone. We now see why her concert work held audiences by the same genius that made her worthy of the term "master-pupil," for she understands the reason why in music.

"To be able to play as this young lady of American birth is a God-given privilege, and Miss Siedoff proves the ability of the American girl to excel in music as well as in other arts." Her concerts are more than a mere performance of musical numbers. She carries the message of American composers and awakens those who love music, and especially those who are students, to receive such inspiration as will illumine their lives and touch the lives of others.

Ask Him—He'll Tell You

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and forever. Whether Dixie took the hint or not is unknown, but the fact remains that practically ever since that time he has been fishing and telling other people how to do it, easily, successfully and economically. The result is that he holds a position unique in the annals of sport, being the trusted counselor of innumerable veterans of the rod and reel, and the tutor-in-chief of countless youngsters just graduating from the bent-pin stage of the game.

It is as president of the American Angler's League, a mid-west organization which he started a good many years ago, that Dixie has become so well known to the fishing fraternity. In this capacity he not only gives valuable advice to all who seek it, but looks out for the welfare of generations of anglers yet unborn by exerting a powerful influence in the re-stocking of lakes and streams, the strict observance of all game laws, and the "throw-the-little-fellows-back" habit.

America First, or Last, in Air Travel

Continued from page 216

So, it seems, by some strange ill fortune, this wonderful country, with its facilities for engine, metal and wood production, its equally vast supplies, its vaster wealth, transportation conveniences, and inventive genius; this country that has provided the world with the airplane and the submarine, the machine gun, the revolver, the telegraph and the telephone, with barbed wire and the automobile—even with trench warfare (Civil War)—armored battleship turret guns—has for no defensible reason failed in this great opportunity in its airplane program.

It should also be remembered that there is no single item required in design, labor, factories, material, that we have not in abundance, available at a moment's call; and that we could have put in the air at any time after war was declared, in ninety eight-hour days, a respectable number of machines of any class in use by the Allies. And that our capacity in the country, very easily demonstratable by statistics I have, would have made it equally possible for us to deliver three, five, eight hundred or a thousand planes per day, with the funds and authority so freely given. This brings us back to the first statement of this article: That with these potential conditions and the logical march of world events, America's aeronautics will inevitably come into the hands of informed men, and with this, plans and programs and encouragement to the legitimate builders of aircraft will again be given and she will again as certainly become the mistress of the air of the world. There are at this moment plans in hand routing the western hemisphere. There are the Atlantic Coast lines, the Pacific and the Mississippi lines; the east and the west cross-country lines, including the lake districts. But these are difficult to establish, as the air line has ceased to run "as the crow flies" along a ruled mark drawn between two points. Cuba will become the center of a complete system of her own, controlling the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf

of Mexico. South America naturally becomes a field by itself. The United States with its great coast squadrons and its inland land systems, will develop to dimensions hitherto unknown.

The Government should follow the advice Assistant Secretary Crowell brings back from Europe of a Cabinet position for aeronautics. And, as the first creative work, it should utterly ignore the past two years' activity and those responsible for it, and begin with a new slate. It should, with American sources of information and foreign experience available, establish a new department for aeronautic inventions. It should appropriate generously—let us say as much as it would cost to put up one Woolworth Building—and in the completest way audit the aeronautic experience of the world, and lay hands, friendly hands, on everything that gets into the air and help it. In the course of a year of this auditing by experts, I mean experts in aeronautics, the department would find itself prepared to make a budget and a program. Some such thing must be done, or we shall find ourselves, not in ten years, but eternally, as we have been in the war—dependent laggards trailing behind the rest of the world.

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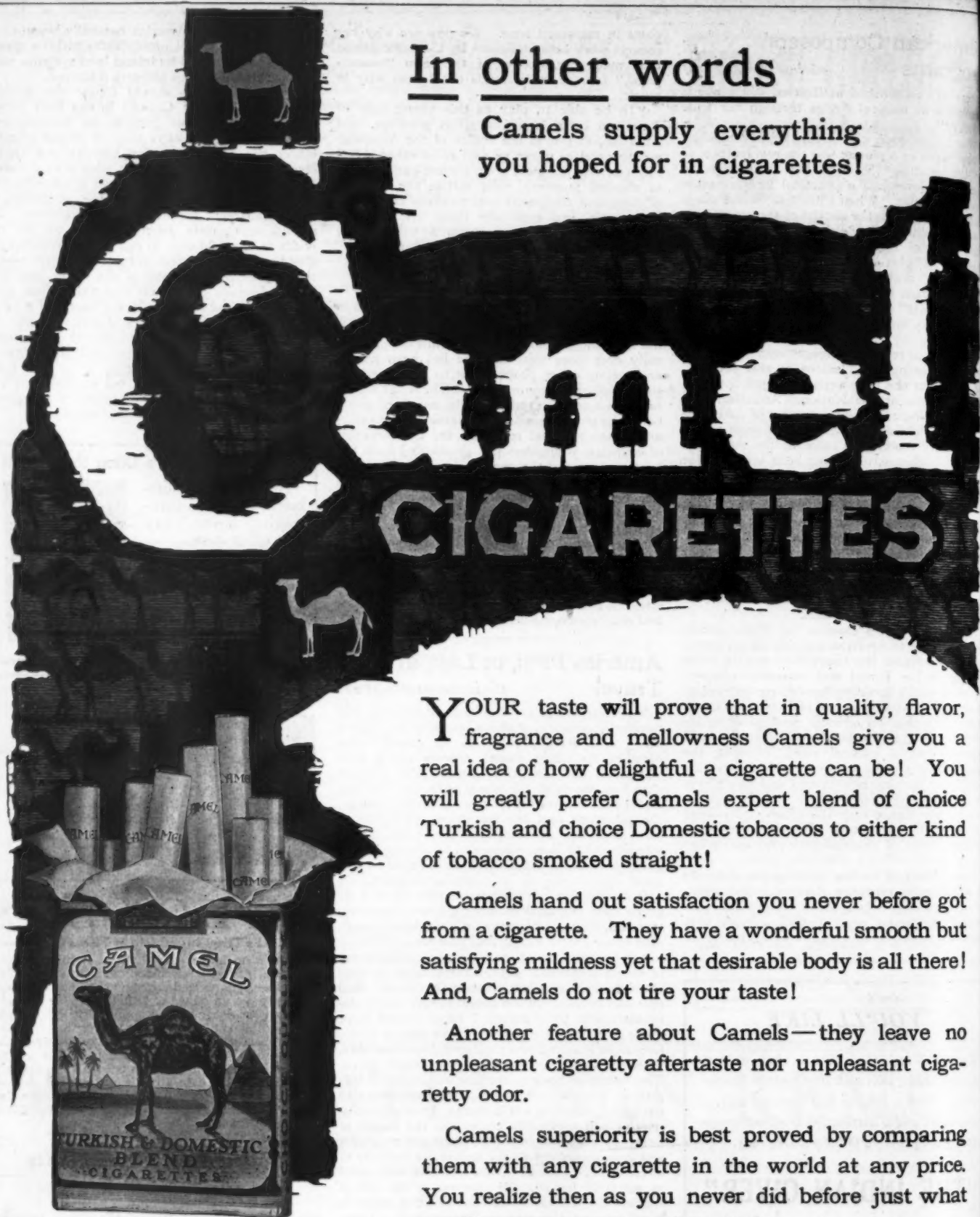
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